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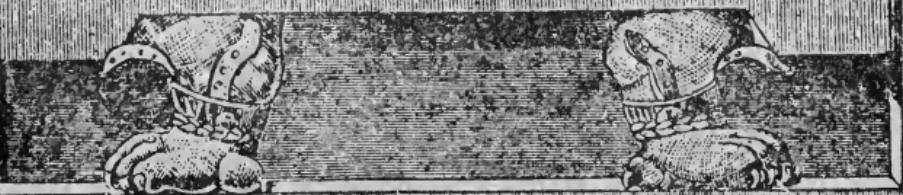
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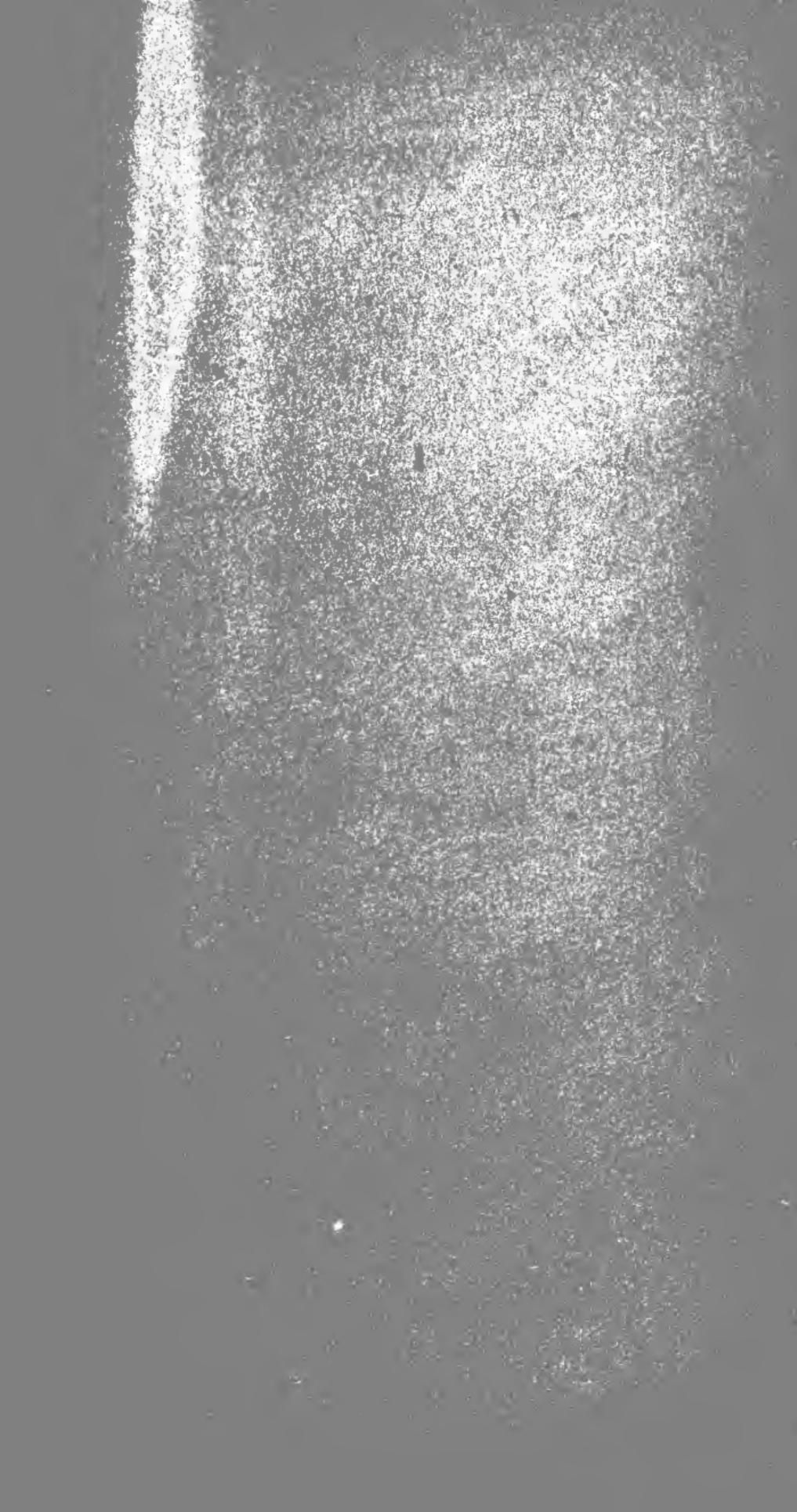
# CORIANTON,



AN AZTEC ROMANCE.



A ROMANTIC SPECTACULAR DRAMA,  
IN FOUR ACTS,  
BY  
ORESTES U. BEAN.



CORIANTON,

AN AZTEC ROMANCE.

A ROMANTIC SPECTACULAR

DRAMA,

IN

FOUR ACTS,

BY

ORESTES U. BEAN.

PLACE, . . . . . SOUTH AMERICA.

TIME, . . . . . 75 YEARS B. C.



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AND ENGLAND.

CAST OF CHARACTERS,  
AS PRESENTED IN THE SALT LAKE THEATRE, AUGUST 11TH, 1902.  
JOSEPH HOWORTH SUPPORTED BY MISS AGNES ROSE LANE.

## NEPHITES.

ALMA, The High Priest . . . . . BRIGHAM S. YOUNG  
NEPHIHAH, The Chief Judge . . . . . JOHN S. LINDSAY  
CURIANTON, Wayward Son of Alma . . . . . JOSEPH HOWORTH  
SHIBLON, Righteous Son of Alma . . . . . CHAS. ROY BOWERS  
BASTOL, Merry-making Armor Bearer . . . . . WALTER S. ST. CLAIR  
AMULOKI, Leader of the "Gadianton Order" . . . . . ALFRED G. SWENSON  
JASPER, Of the "Gadianton Order," . . . . . LUKE COSGROVE  
LAMARCK, Of the "Gadianton Order," . . . . . B. WILLARD  
MORIANTON, Officer in charge of Korihor . . . . . THORALD JENSEN  
ZENOS, Loyal Citizen of Zarahemla . . . . . GEORGE GARDINER  
ZENNOCK, Loyal Citizen of Zarahemla . . . . . NED LYNCH  
RELIA, Plighted Wife of Shiblon . . . . . MISS THAIS MAGRANE  
Citizens of Zarahemla; Soldiers of Zarahemla: Religious Chorus;  
"Justice Ho!" Acolytes.

## ZORAMITES.

SEANTUM, Great in Antionum . . . . . THOMAS COLEMAN  
KORIHOR, The Anti-Christ . . . . . JAMES H. LEWIS  
LAMAN, Second in Command . . . . . MIER TRUETT BLUXOME  
MELEK, Leader of Gay Revelers . . . . . SHIRLEY CLAWSON  
ZOAN ZE ISABEL, A Siren . . . . . MISS AGNES ROSE LANE  
LYDA { Zoramite Beauties . . . . . { ETHEL D. BEST  
LEALIA { Zoramite Beauties . . . . . { PEARL HOUTZ  
SALOME { Zoramite Converts . . . . . { ALBERTA BARTON  
NAOMI { Zoramite Converts . . . . . { FLORENCE JENKINSON  
SARA { Zoramite Converts . . . . . { RUTH WILSON  
MIRIAM { Zoramite Converts . . . . . { IDA DUE  
Gay Revelers. Braves and beauties of Antionum.

## LAMANITES:

MANITAH, Zoan's Maid . . . . . JOSEPHINE DRACI  
ZEBU, Captain of Seantum's Body Guard . . . . . HERR ZOGG  
Seantum's body guard; Street criers; Flambeau Club; Ballet  
Maidens ("Black Pearls"); Servants, Waiters, Wine Boys, etc.

## SYNOPSIS:

ACT I.—Zarahemla—Temple of Justice—Trial of Korihor.  
ACT II.—Antionum.—Scene 1: Before Seantum's Palace—The Siren  
and the Prophet—Evening, a fortnight later. Scene 2: Seantum's  
Famous Garden—Beguiling of a Prophet—Night, one hour later.  
ACT III.—Siron.—The Prodigal Son—Three days later.  
ACT IV.—Zarahemla.—House of High Priest Alma (Housetop Setting,  
City of Zarahemla in distance)—The Prodigal's Return—Night, a  
fortnight later.

Music . . . . . George W. Thatcher, Jr., Logan  
Libretto, . . . . . Miss Kate Thomas, Salt Lake City  
Models and scenery . . . . . John H. Young, Broadway Theatre, New York  
Costume plates . . . . . Chas. Roy Bowers, New York  
Costumes . . . . . { Wanamaker, New York  
Eaves, New York  
Salt Lake Costuming House, Salt Lake City  
Staged under the direction of . . . . . James H. Lewis, Boston

## PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Altar of Justice, 2 thrones, 24 palms, dagger, flowers, incense burners, chains, papirus, holders, document.  
ACT II.—Rustic bench, flowers, 12 flambeaux, wine jugs, goblets, 24 fans, musical instruments, horn, brush, jug of oil, dagger.  
ACT III.—Aztec statuary, 2 settees, vases, flowers, curules, rugs, tables, garland of flowers, huge scissors (cross swords), coat of arms, chairs.  
ACT IV.—Couch, table, 12 spears, gong.

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# CORIANTON.



## ACT I.

### RELIGIO SPECTACLE.

#### FUNCTION OF PROLOGUE.

INTERIOR:—*Hall of Justice Awaiting Trial of Korihor, the Anti-Christ.*

*At rise of Curtain throng of sixty or more citizens of Zarahemla enter L. in twos, threes, or more, earnestly discussing the approaching trial of Korihor, the Anti-Christ. ZENOS talking with OMNES, C. LAMARCK talking with OMNES, R. ZENNOCK talking with OMNES, L. Mob kept logically in motion.*

ZENOS. Say what thou wilt, Korihor is a blasphemer.

LAMARCK. What law hath he broken to thus be brought to trial?

OMNES. Yes, yes, what law? Name the law.

LAMARCK. We are met here in our Hall of Justice to hear the trial of Korihor, the Anti-Christ, and what his offense? (*Throng interested—assembling.*)

ZENOS. He hath spoken blasphemy against the law—against his God. Hath not blasphemy been criminal from the beginning.

LAMARCK. Since the regin of kings hath ceased with us, we have no law to punish blasphemy.

ZENOS. Search the Scriptures, my friend; search the Scriptures.

LAMARCK. The Scriptures?

OMNES. Ha, ha, ha, ha. (*Throng rapidly assembling from various parts of the temple.*)

LAMARCK. We are not governed by the laws written in the Scriptures, but by those laws of our own making.

OMNES. That is true, etc., etc.

LAMARCK. (*Has been talking with Omnes, L. 1.*) Yet those laws are interpreted by a High Priest according to the Scriptures.

OMNES. Well said! Bravo! Ha, ha, ha, ha.

ZENNOCK. (*Aged, bearded brother talking with another gray beard., R. C.*) These men are but contention mongers; conspirators against the law. No rule at all, would suit them best.

LAMARCK. 'Tis said now since the Judges reign that every man is counted free.

ZENNOCK Too free for much unbridled speech. Our law is lax; our freedom is abused. Ne'er should have been a Korihor, an Anti-Christ for trial.

LAMARCK. How now, gray beard and High Priest satellite. In Zarahemla a man is free to think as he will; talk as he will.

JASPER (*entering through throng L.*) We shall see if thou art right; Korihor will never quail.

LAMARCK (*extending hand—shake*). Ah my good friend Jasper, And thou art come to hear the trial of Korihor (*mockingly*).

JASPER. Could Jasper miss so certain a sensation? (*They laugh.*)

LAMARCK. 'Tis not long until the trial.

JASPER. The dial points the hour.

(AMULOKI AND SEANTUM *stroll in from prison yard, R.*

Our greatest friend, our Amuloki (*meets him extending both hands*). Hath Nephihah, the Chief Judge, granted our request that we may see the prisoner?

AMULOKI. Ay, ye all may see this friend of freedom when the sentinel announces.

OMNES. 'Tis well; I wish to see him.

JASPER. Our Judge is growing liberal.

ZENNOCK He hath always been so; liberal and just.

OMNES (*some of them*). Thou sayest well! He hath, etc., etc.

AMULOKI. My friends of Zarahemla, it gives me joy to present to you a Zoramite I'm proud to know—Seantum, foremost man in Antionum.

OMNES. (*All bow low.*)

SEANTUM. Noble sirs, it is a joy thus to meet you.

(As he bows he gives the *Secret Gadianton Order sign of "Recognition."*)

JASPER (*advancing toward Seantum.*) Thou art friend and brother. (*Signs "Return of Recognition," "Secrecy."* They embrace and step aside, R. 1, for confidential talk.)

AMULOKI. Thou wert discussing Korihor, him and his coming trial.

(SHIBLON *enters L and looking among the throng for his brother Corianton. Talking with OMNES R.*)

I tell ye there is much truth in the complaints of Korihor. The High Priest and the Chief Judge are becoming too arbitrary in their rulings. There is too much said about law and order; and not enough regard paid to personal liberty.

SHIBLON (*coming down R. C.*) Tut, man, whenever has a disturber of the peace, a blasphemer of God, any enemy to religion, come amongst us but he hath taken refuge behind the cry of "liberty?"

JASPER (*to AMULOKI aside like*). 'Tis Shiblon, righteous son of High Priest Alma.

SHIBLON. Thus did Nehor in the first year of the reign of Judges. So did Amlici, five years later; and Korihor with like cunning, adopts their cry of Liberty.

OMNES. (*Some applaud—some sneer.*)

SHIBLON. Believe me, friends; not every one who cries out against God, religion, and the law, is a friend to freedom. Let not thy minds be carried away by the persuasion of men who prosper by violence (*looks significantly at AMULOKI*) and thrive on tumults.

(*Exit street, l. 3 E. All look significantly at each other.*)

JASPER. Umph! Pointed rebuke that.

AMULOKI. Why, 'tis not to be wondered that the son of High Priest Alma should so speak.

OMNES. True, true, etc.. etc.

AMULOKI. E'en though a stranger listed, had he overheard old Alma preaching in the Temple, he would know this man his pupil.

AMULOKI. (*Looking after SHIBLON.*) Bah, a stripling, who can but ape his father's cant. But Corianton, his brother, a man of broad mind and deep conception, is a friend of Korihor and liberty.

JASPER. (*In mockery restraining him.*) Hush-h-h-h. You're in the Palace of God's High Priest, who smites with the words of his mouth; and with the breath of his lips slays the wicked. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

OMNES. (*Laugh a scornful laugh.*)

AMULOKI. (*Mockingly*) Ah, yes, I bend low in pardon. (*To OMNES.*) Why, think men, this is the abode of God's vice-gerent; the headquarters of Heaven on earth; and yet ye move with covered heads. (*Mock command.*) Come slaves, kneel; the ground on which ye stand is holy. Ha, ha, ha.

OMNES. (*Laugh and bow in mockery.*)

JASPER. Yet this is Zarahemla, that boasts of her liberty, and yet at the gates stand the minions of the High Priest and Chief Judge to question whence ye come and whither.

OMNES. (*Assent in pantomime.*)

(*SENTINEL enters from jail yard, r.*)

SENTINEL. Thou may'st see the prisoner now at any time.

OMNES. 'Tis well. Let us see him, etc.

AMULOKI. Guard, tell the people as they pass thee on the street, that Korihor, their friend; who would see them free, is brought from Gideon in bands for liberty's sake; and is soon to be tried before an imperious High Priest and tyrant judge for honest disbelief in the traditions of their fathers.

(*CORIANTON leisurely strolls in from street, l. 3 E.*)

Tell them this and ask them if the time hath come when all men must be slaves to superstition.

(*Sentinel turns as if to go.*)

CORIANTON (*down c.*) Hold Sentinel, and tell them too;

that one son at least of their good High Priest declares for Korihor and liberty. Now go.

(SENTINEL *exit* R.)

OMNES. Bravo, Corianton, bravo!

CÓRIANTON. Ah, friends, methinks they find this Korihor savage as a lion in his chains.

AMULOKI (*down to him affectionately*). And Corianton, always true, declares himself from priestcraft free.

CÓRIANTON. Ay, tho' the priest, my father, sirs, I love beyond my words, these unseen powers they tell us of, to me are fancy dreams. Why not a sign—or miracle to all of us be given?

OMNES. Yes, yes, etc., etc. (*Varied business.*) I have seen no sign, etc., etc.

ZENNOCK. Ah, the High Priest knoweth best.

CÓRIANTON. Is God so choice that righteous ones alone may know.

JASPER (*aside to AMULOKI*), I never knew before how much we are in bondage.

AMULOKI (*aside to JASPER*). How dull thou art. (*Nudges him and winks significantly.*) The Priestly coffers must be filled.

CÓRIANTON (*overheard it.*) Priestly coffers—Hold, sir; no man, if friend to me as thou pretendest now, will insinuate so vile an insult. No other man, friend or nay, can do it with impunity; and Amuloki, thou as well, must answer even now; for by my steel, I'll trow, I'll defend my father's honor.

(OMNES *stand aghast; some pleased.*)

AMULOKI. Why Corianton, what's amiss; that thou shouldst rant in such a strain?

CÓRIANTON. What's amiss? Dost thou presume I'll pass unnoticed such imputations 'gainst my father's name? Tho' I, as thou, am slow to see their logic of theology, to me my father's name is sacred. I know and here assert—also will here maintain—that my dear and reverend father hath labored with his own hands for his support, and hath never received one senine in his priestly calling. Thou know'st, too; so make amends; for I intend thou shalt. (*Taps his sword significantly.*)

(OMNES. *Some applaud.*)

AMULOKI (*in mock apology.*) Most noble friend and High Priest's son, thou hast ill understood my meaning. Thy father is above suspicion. (*Bows and winks for JASPER to interrupt the scene.*)

JASPER, Come, come, no more of this. Let's to the jail and see the prisoner. Mayhap we'll comfort be, and let him know at least that some are for him and freedom.

(AMULOKI and JASPER *in charge of mob, exit* R. CÓRIANTON *much ruffled, slowly passes down* R. SHIBLON *who entered L. as OMNES were filing out to prison yard, passes down to him.*)

SHIBLON. Corianton, have no more to do with these people. Remember what I told thee on the yesterday. Heed not these gossip mongers. They mean no good to any staple cause.

CORIANTON. Thou wouldest presume to guide thy brother? Why, when thou wert ill I tossed thee on my back and scaled the mountain peaks with thee so that thou mightest breathe a better air. I taught thee how to speed an arrow straight. Thou wert quite delicate in thy youth. Nay, nay, dear brother, do not attempt to counsel me.

SHIBLON. Thine unbelief should smite thy conscience. Had mother lived 'twould not be so.

CORIANTON (*sighs*). Mother! mother! what a dear kind mother she was. She loved her boys—Helaman, Shiblon and her wayward Corianton. She bid me heed their counsel; but in this I have sadly failed. What can I do to make amends?

SHIBLON. Heed our father's counsel.

CORIANTON. Seriously brother, I think this treatment of Korihor is too harsh. Our law protects a man in his belief; and tho' Korihor hath a proud bearing, and holds what thou believest to be dangerous views; still I think the authorities of Gideon exceeded their jurisdiction in sending him bound to this city.

SHIBLON (*rather surprised at the speech*.) Holds what *I* believe to be dangerous views? And dost thou not believe them dangerous, too? Ah, Corianton, I am afraid the spirit of unbelief infused into thy soul when before he was here hath not yet been worked out.

CORIANTON (*good naturedly*). Well, it hath not been the fault of my dear brother. (*Arm about him and good naturedly taps Shiblon's lips with finger*) for I have heard little else since his departure from Zarahemla, but thy lame arguments in support of the shadowy traditions of our fathers, about the coming of the Messiah and His atonement.

SHIBLON. I am sorry to find thee in this mood my brother; and it grieves me to hear thee talk so lightly of things that are sacred; but if too much restraint hath been thrown upon the liberty of Korihor, by the authorities of Gideon, thou knowest full well that justice will be done him in the courts of our father and the Chief Judge.

SENTINEL (*entering*). Korihor would see his friend Corianton. (*Exit R.*)

SHIBLON. Corianton, do not go to see the blasphemer. (*Arms about him*.) It is the time of the day to consider the mission to reclaim the Zoramites. They are fast losing respect for the Faith and for the Law as well. Our father sent me to find thee and bring thee to the council. He wishes thee to be a party to the mission.

CRIANTON. Thou mayst go, brother; but I will not. I have little relish for these dull councils; and as for converting the Zoramites, they may be as right in their theology as we, for aught I know. The whole subject is so wrapped in mystery that we can at least afford to be liberal and not bind men, and cast them into prison for daring to assert their disbelief in these mysterious things.

SHIBLON. But it is the express wish of our father that thou shouldst attend the council. Out of respect for him, wilt thou not go?

CRIANTON. Say to our good father, the Priest, that I am gone to visit one who is cast into prison for the cause of liberty. (*Seeing a pained look in SHIBLON'S face, he forbears.*) Shiblon, go thou to the council; and give no further thought concerning me. (*Arm about him.*) Thy patience, thy goodness, thy deep conviction, maketh of thee a fit instrument of God. Not so with me; my wild love for liberty can ill brook the restraints of the Priesthood, and the skepticism ingrained in my very nature, disqualifies me for the ministry. I'll none of it till I see some manifestation of the power of God, spoken of so frequently by our father, and of which the Scriptures speak on nearly every page.

SHIBLON. Thou asketh for a sign as well?

CRIANTON (*crossing to R. 1.*) And why not I? So, farewell, brother, I go to visit Korihor. (*Exit R. 1 E.*)

SHIBLON (*gazing after him.*) Oh why is it that natural born leaders, those blessed with a Heaven born intelligence should be cursed with a doubting, rebellious spirit, that weighs down all their better parts and wrecks the hopes built on what their talents promise? O that some good angel would my brother meet, to shake off his doubting fears and give him back to us converted! Then how would shine that master power within him, which overawes men's minds and bends them to his purpose! (*Looking after him.*) Brother, flout me if thou wilt; but I'll follow thee thro' all thy fortunes, good or ill, and win thee yet to God.

RELIA. (*Enter from street, L. 3 E. Flower either in her hair, or a bouquet.*) Ah, Shiblon, thou art here.

SHIBLON. I must hasten to the council of the Priests.

RELIA. Know'st not the council hath adjourned to hear the case of Korihor?

SHIBLON. And Relia, thou art come to hear the scoffer tried? For shame—

RELIA. Nay, Shiblon, but from him to whom I am in ward—thy father, sir—I am come with message for thee.

SHIBLON. Nay, I would not chide thee, love; for am I not here as well?

RELIA. (*Suppressed anxiety.*) Corianton, where is he? Thy father bids thee find and keep him near thee.

SHIBLON. A special message from Korihor hath called him.

RELLA. Korihor? O Shiblon, let him not have speech with that bold, bad man.

SHIBLON. My love could not restrain him; tho' I shall seek him soon again.

(RELLA starts away. *He takes her hand and detains her.*)  
Relia, dear, art yet decided on the day thou'l be wife of Shiblon?

RELLA. Talk not of such here in the public hall.

SHIBLON. A son of Alma wooeth in the highway. Say to-morrow, or a fortnight hence; and we'll celebrate with jollity.

RELLA. Nay, nay, dear Shiblon, not so soon. Why haste the matter so?

SHIBLON. Why Relia, if dost love me, why procrastinate the day? Thou knowst well that never woman boasted greater love than Relia, plighted wife of Shiblon.

RELLA. Yes, yes, I know; I know; but Shiblon, dear, thou knowst just as well, it was my father's pledge; and Shiblon,—(*Looking him full in face.*) Think'st thou art loved as lovers should?

SHIBLON. I love *thee* more than mortal woman was ever loved before; and my heart doth answer: "Loved as well."

RELLA. I honor and respect, adore and praise; but more I cannot offer now.

SHIBLON. Thou dost not love me then?

RELLA. (*Troubled, pleads.*) O Shiblon, dear, kind, loving, the truest heart in God's great universe. How is it my heart doth not incline to thee? Why not delay till I can render thee my whole heart? (*Arms about his neck.* Enter BASTOL from street; *sees the situation.*)

BASTOL. Well, well, ha, ha! a fitting attitude, indeed, for this a public hall.

(*Break; RELIA blushes; SHIBLON vexed.*)

SHIBLON. Thy business mind; and keep close counsel, Jester.

BASTOL. I have no business, sir; and some dispute my claim to mind as well.

SHIBLON. Thou art not far from a fool.

BASTOL (*measuring toward SHIBLON.*) True, about two measures, sir. (*RELLA laughs; SHIBLON angered.*)

SHIBLON (*recovering a smile.*) Adieu, dear Relia; I must Corianton seek. (*Exit into prison yard, R.*)

BASTOL. Leave not on my account. I'll cast thee lots and if I lose, I will go and thou shalt stay (*SHIBLON is gone*). Shiblon, pious son of Alma, always preaching righteousness and finding few to listen.

RELLA. Thou speakest little praise of Shiblon.

BASTOL. My master, Corianton, wild and headlong; yet with this son the giddy ladies fall in love. He heeds

them not; e'en less than his father's dry theology. Sentiment catches him as doth flattery a woman.

RELIA. As flattery doth *some* women.

BASTOL. In the heart this love is vaulted, guarded well by arined thought; but flattery in wisdom rationed, is the key that opens the vault.

RELIA. And how of men?

BASTOL. Before the marriage vow is said, the man, unsought doth kneel; but when his baited fish is landed, the bride doth kneel—unsought by her.

RELIA. A prelude, self confessed, to thy union with rich Sarah, her of few years to live and endless money in her coffers.

BASTOL. Thou knowst Sarah then?

RELIA. Ay, the money keeper—

BASTOL. Yes, she kept mine; and then when ceased the inpouring stream, she cast me out; and he, old Reuben, a dried up, grumbling, boasting bear, she chose; but I shall be avenged. A warrior now am I; with "W" writ mighty. For a sword, my birthright I exchanged. With one fell swoop, I'll— (*Draws from a mammoth scabbard—one which drags the floor—a miniature sword; attitudes; RELIA laughs and catches his arm.*)

RELIA. Put up thy sword; the man is dead.

BASTOL. Ah, well, I'll follow not his corpse; for there may be some doubt as to which road he went. (*Pause—thoughtful.*)

RELIA. Why pausest thou?

BASTOL. I was just wondering if a man ever prospers who kills old people. (*Slowly puts up his sword.*) Why, Relia, I once saved his life; and when calm o'ercame his fright, he paid me but one senine, grudgingly. The copper held I to his gaze. On it, on him I gazed a spell—o'erpaid am I for such a job—and flung the coin at the miser's feet.

RELIA. Now thou'l better suit thyself; for Sarah was to thee ill-mated. What qualities doth thy mind crave?

BASTOL. The bride of Bastol must be dark, yea, very dark; eyes like beedles; hair as raven's color; form not tall; nor short and bunty she; I can talk enough for twain—silent or slow her tongue must be.

RELIA. Ha, ha, ha, methinks, in Zarahemla thou'l not find a bride of thy description.

BASTOL. My master, Corianton, findeth many of his description. I am his armor bearer, content to follow him—making merry as I go. Mayhap I'll count among dross, my silent tongued, my dark complexioned damsel that I seek.

CORIANTON (*outside r. coming*). The same bold Kori-hor he is, that once before was in our midst. (*CORIANTON enters r. 1 E.*) What, Relia here; the thing I long have sought, to see thee while alone.

BASTOL. Well, am I nothing?

CURIANTON. Thou Relia wouldst amuse thyself with Bastol and his wit.

BASTOL. "Amuse thyself;" and wit my only merit. Umph, I will tarry here no longer. (*Strikes out R.*)

RELLA. What wilt thou, Corianton?

CURIANTON (*approaching her*). Relia dear, I would tell thee that I love thee.

RELLA. Hush-h-h-h-h, say that word not again. Be thou my friend and brother.

CURIANTON. I shall be neither friend nor brother, but stand confessed thy lover. Providence designed me for thy shield—let me be thy protector.

RELLA (*hesitatingly*). Yes, I owe thee my life, for 'twas thy skill and bravery that saved me from the wild beast's fury.

CURIANTON. And dost yet recall—long years ago—a flower gathering party—

RELLA. How two little friends, tho' from the same bower, sought solitude together?

CURIANTON. How he taunted her as she wove their garlands—

RELLA. And she drove him away—in tears.

CURIANTON. He went away, but he returned—he found her—still in tears.

RELLA. A kind providence prompted that return. As he neared the cypress he left her by, a serpent uncoiled from a limb. It waved its head and darted its tongue—it held her in its spell. His tears were dried; he sped toward her side—but the serpent held her still. A moment more and 'twould coil her waist and crush her life away. He could not reach her side in time; what could the young man do? He drew from his quiver—

CURIANTON. An arrow strong and *pinioned that serpent's head to the tree!*

RELLA. And he won her heart—he hath it yet—

CURIANTON. Relia thou hast said! Tell me of thy love, the love of a willing heart. Be thou my bride as thou hast ever been my lover.

RELLA. Hush, Relia; thou hast o'ersaid it quite. (*to CURIANTON.*) Our parents made another choice. "Honor and obey thy parents." Mine honor and my duty make me—another's.

CURIANTON. Another's?

RELLA. Make me—Shiblon's.

CURIANTON. Shiblon's?

RELLA. Honor and duty have been the guiding stars of my life—let us part.

CURIANTON (*meditating*). Thine honor and thy duty make thee Shiblon's.

RELLA. From childhood we have been selected—

CURIANTON. Parent's choice—by you not ratified.

RELLA. Our parents too oft love for us. My father chose the pious son.

CRIANTON. Thine explanation plain—mine disbelief. Yea, I am wild; throw off restraint; by the Priesthood, yet untamed. I must cope with mankind, share their broils, make merry yet in innocence, and when this inclination is torpid with excess, 'tis time enough to long my face and pious be converted. (*To her tenderly.*) Thou art pure; as angels fair; thy soul transparent to the gaze. (*Somewhat falteringly.*) Relia dear, one question pray; dost thou love one; or is thy heart divided?

RELLA (*hangs her head.*) One only.

CRIANTON (*joyously*). That one I know is Corianton then. (*Advances to embrace her. Restraining himself.*) Nay, Corianton, she is thy brother's plighted wife. Relia dear, thou lovest me; for thy heart speaks when thy lips would fain be mute. I could love thee—O so much—but Shiblon, I resign to thee. (*They meet each others gaze; then RELIA falls on his neck; pause—he tenderly unclasps her arms as he recovers himself.*) Nay, Corianton; thou must be loyal to thy brother.

(RELLA sighs. *He leads her up to L. 3 E. Turns at exit; SHIBLON enters R. CRIANTON with appropriate business resigns his place as RELIA's escort to SHIBLON.*)

CRIANTON (*to SHIBLON*). Take her Shiblon; (*to RELIA*) Go with Shiblon; his love—thy duty. Go. (*Exit SHIBLON and RELIA L. 3. RELIA exits she turns to CRIANTON, holding toward him a flower, drops it; he picks it up, business, then slowly follows.*)

(SEANTUM and AMULOKI *entering from prison yard in conversation. Rather suppressed dialogue.*)

SEANTUM. I tell thee, Amuloki, keep ever before thee, the object of our Gadianton Order.

AMULOKI. Ay, the overthrow of the Nephite reign. Our oath is *anti-law, anti-church, anti-all, but gain.*

SEANTUM (*fearful*). Hush, but we must not act at this time. Korihor, is bold enough and clever too for all that should be said.

AMULOKI. Thou sayst well. Tonight we hold a meeting of our secret Gadianton Order.

SEANTUM. At the rendezvous?

AMULOKI. The same.

SEANTUM. The object.

AMULOKI. To count our swords that thou mayst know our strength.

SEANTUM. That in its proper season, but my thoughts are now of Korihor. He is a Zoramite, from mine own city.

AMULOKI. And thou hast come all the way from Antionum to the trial of thy friend?

SEANTUM. He is more than friend (*significantly*). To thee as well.

AMULOKI (*astonished*). What? a brother of our Gadianton Order?

SEANTUM. The same.

AMULOKI. Then he shall be free this day.

SEANTUM. Nay, we are not yet strong enough to take offensive action.

AMULOKI. We boast a legion sworn till death.

SEANTUM. 'Tis not enough. Bide my time. We'll count them not a legion but a host.

AMULOKI. Reckon not a host uncounted. The High Priest and his bevy make a mission to thy city.

SEANTUM. Their mission will come to naught.

AMULOKI. Be not too certain. His forceful son, the young and princely Corianton, is urged to join the mission.

SEANTUM. Better first convert the young and handsome Corianton. (*Both laugh.*)

AMULOKI. That is a kindred object of the mission.

SEANTUM. I pray thee Amuloki, give impetus to such a plan. It will aid me to nullify their mission.

AMULOKI. And what thy plan?

SEANTUM. Not perfect yet, argument, intrigue, force if need be. I shall kill that mission if I needs must slay the Priests.

AMULOKI. Silence, man (*looks fearfully about*). Let prudence guide. Let cunning be thy plan; not blood.

SEANTUM. Nay, grow not faint at one Priest's blood. A score or so must fall. Our secret oath commands.

AMULOKI. A fearful oath.

SEANTUM. Zarahemla must fall; our Gadianton Order triumph; but to conquer, we must wade in blood.

(CURIANTON enters L. *busy with flower.*)

AMULOKI. Nay, Seantum, not so loud. (*Looks about fearful and sees CURIANTON. Calls SEANTUM's attention.*)

SEANTUM. What man is that?

AMULOKI. The High Priest's son in question. Thinkst thou he heard?

SEANTUM. Be it so; the man must die.

AMULOKI. I shall learn. (*Up to him.*) My noble friend, my Corianton. Lend now thine ear and heart for justice. (*Arm about him.*) Thou art troubled man. Come rouse thyself and know my friend Seantum. (*Leads him down.*) Let the best robed man in Zarahemla meet his only rival.

SEANTUM (*taking both his hands*). This is an honor to Seantum.

CURIANTON. The honor is not thine but mine, to know so great a man.

SEANTUM (*to CURIANTON*). 'Tis said thou art to join thy father's mission.

CURIANTON. 'Tis rumor false. I cannot lead myself to teach till first I am full well convinced.

SEANTUM. I pray thee heed thy father's wish and be party to the mission. Thou'l be a power 'mongst the young. Apostacy from faith is apostacy from law.

AMULOKI (*aside*). Priest and power to near one.

SEANTUM. I grant my views religious are as darkly thro' a glass; but our Banner of the Serpent is ever in my heart.

CORIANTON. I am proud to know a prince so loyal.

SEANTUM. I pray thee join the mission. Be my guest in Antionum. Our cause is common for the Law if not for the Sanctuary.

CORIANTON. Thy words take hold on me. They are kindred to my father's.

(*Cheers and laughter outside in the prison yard.*)

JASPER (*outside, coming*). Korihor is right.

LAMARCK (*outside, coming*). He can speak for himself.

ZENOS. Justice shall be done him.

ZENNOCK (*outside, coming*). The Judge will set him free.

JASPER (*entering R. with friend*). 'Tis best he should.

LAMARCK (*who has entered with JASPER*). So say I.

OMNES (*entering from yard, R.*) So say we all, etc., etc.

(*Two distant bugle calls.*)

JASPER (*down L.*) The Chief Judge cometh with his High Priest shadow, ha, ha.

(OMNES *laugh, derisive.*)

LAMARCK. This shadow is our Judge in fact.

(*Deep peal of thunder nearer. Lightning flash. Two more trumpet calls.*)

All nature groans. The heavens weep for Korihor in his chains.

(*Chorus heard outside; coming nearer; singing. One nearer bugle call.*)

“JUSTICE HO.”

AMULOKI. Hist!

JASPER (*hushes OMNES severely*). Canst hear, be silent.

AMULOKI (*pause; listen*). The Chief Judge cometh. (*Leaves CORIANTON—down to OMNES.*) His pageantry heralds his approach. We now must pause a spell the while a tinsilled, long drawn opening of court, impress us with the wisdom of the Chief Judge.

JASPER. The glory of Solomon in counterfeit.

AMULOKI. His wisdom too, in imitant.

JASPER (*to OMNES*). Come, doff; the heralds are at hand.

(*Storm increases.. Pageantry entrance. Chorus which has been heard in the distance singing—*

“JUSTICE HO,”

*is now at hand. Enter in columns of twos—all carrying fern palms—winding their way down the stage amidst the pillars. As they near the thrones, columns separate, halt, face and form an arch with their palms extended. High Priest Alma and Chief Judge Nephihah, followed by acolytes, pass under the arch between the lines and take their places on thrones. Chorus counter marches—rear passing under arch, palms at “carry”—and form rear as background to picture—all the while chanting.)*

## "JUSTICE HO!"

(pp. *distant.*)We come;  
We come;We come to herald the judgment seat  
For justice here below.(p. *nearer.*)The wicked prosper, a harvest reap;  
And virtue's triumph is slow.

(Repeat forte as enter.)

Ho for Justice;  
Ho for Justice;The man accused may state his case,  
Plead his cause;No guile is his till proven base  
According to the laws.Justice ho;  
Justice ho;Justice is a gift of God,  
An unknown path, not often trod;  
May the accused be heard this day  
Have naught but truth to say;  
Have naught but truth to say.

(Burning of incense. attitude as sing.)

Lord we ask Thee lend Thine ear;  
Let Thy spirit linger near;  
Grant that every word portend  
Toward justice; Amen; A men.(Silence save a deep peal of thunder. BASTOL rushes in  
R. 1 E., shouting. Stumbles and falls.)BASTOL. The trial begins. KORIHOR cometh in his  
chains.CURIANTON (as he is well on; rashes up: seizes BASTOL by  
the wrist firmly). Thou fool; beshrew thy tongue.(BASTOL, frightened, retires near door, L. 3. OMNES all R. and  
L. leaving C. vacant. SEANTUM, AMULOKI and JASPER down  
L. CURIANTON down R. All silent and expectant; weird music;  
MORIANTON enters with KORIHOR, confident, defiant in his chains.  
MORIANTON kneels, extends papyrus holder toward NEPHIHAH.  
Judge takes the document unrolls and scans it. Six soldiers file in  
and form on either side the Altar down on stage level. KORIHOR  
surveys the throng and signs Gadianton order "Distress."  
JASPER and AMULOKI start to draw and rush to his aid.)SEANTUM. (Staying JASPER, holding AMULOKI.) Nay,  
friends; peace and prudence.AMULOKI. But he signs "Distress." Our oath, man,  
our oath!SEANTUM. 'Twas but to count his friends; and see, he  
signs us once again; and this time "Peace" his signal.

(KORIHOR, smiling, has meanwhile signalled "Peace")

MORIANTON. Most noble Chief Judge, I come from the  
Land of Gideon, to bring one KORIHOR, the Anti-Christ,

who seeks to destroy religion; subvert all government—

KORIHOR (*loud and defiant, blasphemous*). Thou liest almost as well as a High Priest—

(OMNES approve; CORIANTON noticeably vexed.)

I seek but to root out of men's minds their false traditions concerning God and Christ, and make them free.

MORIANTON (*accustomed to these outbursts; Judge reads undisturbed*). I have brought Korihor from the land of Gideon, where he was tried—

KORIHOR. For his virtues.

(*Suppressed murmur of approval from OMNES*.)

MORIANTON. For his offenses; and the Chief Judge of Gideon hath sent him to the Chief Judge of the whole land.

KORIHOR. And God's High Priest. I pray thee do not leave that out.

OMNES *murmur approval and disapproval; sentiment pro and con. CORIANTON nervously grasps sword.*)

MORIANTON. Korihor is before thee and ready to answer. Take the prisoner, my task is finished.

(*Retires R., thunder increases; lightning visible at intervals.*)

NEPHIHAH. (*Laying aside document—scanned.*) Korihor, thou art charged by the authorities of Gideon with having sought to stir up sedition, disrupt the government, and destroy religion. It doeth appear, however, that thou hast set on foot no society to accomplish these unworthy purposes; thou hast merely agitated them by thy speeches. The law hath no hold on thee. Our law *cannot* punish a man for his belief merely. Therefore, it is my decision that thou be set at liberty.

(OMNES *suppressed murmurs of surprise; murmurs of satisfaction also.*)

Let me remind thee, however, that our present system of government has been most fruitful of happiness to the people. Let me caution thee, also, that thy present path is full of danger. Thou art acquitted before the law of the land; but the High Priest may have some counsel for thee.

KORIHOR. (*Sneeringly.*) Acquitted before the law of the land; now I suppose I am to be tried before the law of Heaven; well, we've heard from earth, now we're ready to hear from Heaven; what a pity it is the other place is not represented. (*Signifies downward, h-l.*) We should then have a trinity of thee to hear from. (*Folds arms.*) Well, proceed, Heaven.

BASTOL. Wilt thou not see? Look to thyself, thou silly ass. (*Suppressed laughter—hushed.*)

ALMA. Korihor, thy speech ill becomes thine intelligence. Thy—

KORIHOR. What? Hath Heaven turn flatterer? Can a Priest speak to an opponent in fair, well-seeming words? (*Defiantly confident.*) Ah, sir Priest, thou

knowest well to whom thou speakest; one who will not kneel in the dust at thy feet; one who fears neither thee nor thy Gods; but is free from thy slavish superstitions. Thou knowst this; else we should have had *thunder* from God's mouthpiece and not the melifluous tones, breathing softly—(*in mockery*)—“Korihor, thy speech ill-becomes thine intelligence.”

(CORIANTON *nervous, angry.* OMNES *all pleased yet respectful, save those against KORIHOR. Thunder and lightning.*)

ALMA. Think not I meant to flatter; for I meant to say, hadst thou listed closely, that thy speech would do credit to a perverse child. Korihor why dost thou go about to destroy this people's belief in God; and their hope in the Messiah which is to come?

KORIHOR. To undeceive them; to free them from a grovelling superstition, lest they offend this *traditional* God, a being who never has been seen, nor ever will be. I wish to strike off the servile chains with which ye priests have loaded them, that ye may glut yourselves with the labors of their hands, and hold them at your mercy.

(OMNES *murmurs of approval and disapproval quite apparent and well defined as to sides taken. CORIANTON unable to restrain himself longer, draws his sword and rushes at KORIHOR.*)

CORIANTON. This to my father. (*Recovering himself.*) Nay, nay, he is unarmed—Korihor, beware! He is my father. (*Is pacified by friend.*)

KORIHOR. (*His back to CORIANTON, does not see his action; continues after murmurs of OMNES subside.*) I would see men free!

ALMA. What man among this people is *not* free?

KORIHOR. I would tell them that intelligent management is Providence; genius is God; that this life so far as we know terminates existence.

ALMA. Destroy our hope beyond the grave, and what is life?

KORIHOR. Conjecture not the whence or whither; enough to know ye are.

ALMA. In every heart is found the question: “What the great first cause?”

KORIHOR (*sneeringly*). And that excuse for priestly gain.

(CORIANTON *nervous, excited yet suppressed. Sighs. Friends surround him to pacify him.*)

KORIHOR. I tell thee, proud Priest, now playing at humanity, thy religion is slavery; thy Priesthood a fraud; thy God a lie.

(OMNES *surprised at his boldness; some ready to come to blows as to sides.*)

ALMA. Could a deception, a lie, produce such supreme joy in the hearts of men as the faith of this people in God does?

KORIHOR (*sharply*). Yea, it could. The joy this people think they have is not joy. Man never tastes joy until he breaks away from all restraint.

ALMA (*rising and coming down by Altar of Justice*). 'Tis a lying spirit prompts thee, Korihor. Thy statement is false that the priests glut themselves on the labors of the people. From the commencement of the reign of the Judges until now, I have labored with mine own hands for my support; and have never received one ont in my Priestly calling. Korihor, thou mockest at religion; thou deniest a God; but I tell thee there is a God; and wilt *thou* deny His existence, or blaspheme His name?

KORIHOR. Ay, that I will. What, thinkst thou because a High Priest says in solemn tones—(*in mockery*) “I tell thee there is a God,” that I will crouch at his feet and like an echo say—“Amen!” Give me thy proofs, sir Priest; thy proofs.

ALMA. All nature testifies of his existence; the traditions of our fathers—

KORIHOR (*sneering*). “The traditions of our fathers.” I demand a living sign; and thou talkest to me of traditions.

ALMA. The testimony of our fathers from the beginning as recorded on the brass plates procured from Laban at Jerusalem.

KORIHOR (*sneeringly*). And what these plates from Laban had?

ALMA. A record of the Jews. They have written; we are writing, too; identical in law—ours but another witness. All nature proclaims a creator. Ne'er yet hath lived a people without a God to worship; a sacred instinct prompts it, yet there stands a man who denies there is proof.

KORIHOR. And maintains it too. Show me thy proof; a living sign. Let me see a manifestation. Show me a sign.

ALMA. A sign? A miracle? O, fool, thou temptst God. Should all his creatures ask a sign, variety would groan for mercy. Look on the signs for landmarks given, written in the Scriptures.

KORIHOR (*triumphant*) Ha, ha, ha, ha, yea quibble Priest; the test hath come.

CORIANTON. Korihor, cease thy blasphemy. (*About, excited rage*.)

KORIHOR. These people go about bound down with yokes about their necks and dare not assert their rights for liberty and freedom; for no man can know that which is to come. Priest thou dost falsify.

CORIANTON. Korihor, cease thine insults to my father! Another insult to him and I lay thee dead at my feet.

KORIHOR. Has the noble Corianton turned to God and religion?

CORIANTON. It is not God, it is not religion; it is love for my father.

KORIHOR. Thou art thy father's son I see —

CORIANTON. I am my father's son.

KORIHOR. So be it. Let the Priest show his power. (To ALMA). Ha, ha, ha, ha, where all thy boasted power to call the Gods for thy command? Ha, ha, ha, ha, make me a sign, a landmark bold, to write it in thy Scriptures!

CORIANTON. Korihor! And this the man I have believed!

KORIHOR (*walks floor in triumph; derisive laughter and blasphemy*). Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. (Rushes up steps; stops directly in front of Alma—quick intense climax.) I defy thee, Priest! (Shakes both fists in ALMA's face.)

ALMA (*extending hands heavenward*), Vengence belongeth to God!

KORIHOR. I defy thee! I defy thy G —!

(CORIANTON fights his way through mob and about to attack KORIHOR.)

(Miracle—KORIHOR stricken dumb. All quickly and convincingly done. A mighty rushing wind outside; all becomes dark. Heavy clap of thunder—storm has been gathering strength with scene; a streak of lightning bursts from Heaven. Falls on KORIHOR alone—light remains, KORIHOR only one on stage seen; falls to floor in circle of light, rolls down steps. Expressions of surprise, wonder, etc.; efforts at speech. Mighty contortions of features; pleading attitude to the Priest, who is invisible. Signify by bus. that he is dumb.)

ALMA (*extends his hand within circle of light—hand marked by noticeable jewel that it will be recognized.*)

THY SIGN HATH COME!

THY GOD HATH ANSWERED THEE!

(Collapse of KORIHOR.)

(CORIANTON in Picture—Conversion.)

### PICTURE.

(Nothing seen on stage but CORIANTON, KORIHOR, and the hand and face of the HIGH PRIEST.)

CORIANTON. Father, let me join the mission!

CURTAIN.

[NOTE.—This climax must be worked in a way that will give it varied interpretations, e. g.: Corianton accepted it as a new wrought miracle; Seantum later called it "lightning struck." Zoan termed it "by sorcery stricken dumb."]

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

## SCENE 1.—BEFORE SEANTUM'S PALACE.

(At rise of curtain enter from R. 1 E., LAMAN and SEANTUM. *Hymn off R. at rise—distant.*)

LAMAN. I tell thee Seantum, thou must act; or I, as second ruler, shall. The High Priest Alma, his son, Corianton, and other Priests, direct from Zarahemla, are now canvassing our city.

SEANTUM. Trust me for action now the time is ripe. 'Tis strange that in a fortnight they should work such havoc with our cause.

LAMAN. The common people go over in force. The gifted young Corianton seems to be most expert in argument.

SEANTUM (*ridiculing*). Bold Korihor, by lightning struck, the miracle which won him to the faith (*laughs*.) But mark my words—the moon shall not show its face again, until these prophets leave Antionum in disgrace.

LAMAN. How sayst thou?

SEANTUM. This young and new made Prophet is a guest with me; and I am thought to lend attentive ear unto his claim.

LAMAN. Thou? (*Both laugh*.)

SEANTUM. He is young, dashing, ambitious, and handsome—all our ladies say—My plan is: Lead him to a conquest of a merry mood.

LAMAN. Ah, but he is so keen to do his father's will—

SEANTUM. True, but my net is well laid to catch this wary game. (*To LAMAN, subdued*.) This day arrived from Siron, at my request, my Isabel of gentle grace and lovely form; with step so light; with cunning smile and pretty face. To him she is Zoan, my kinswoman, so to be.

LAMAN. Kinswoman? Zoan Ze Isabel? (*They laugh*.)

SEANTUM. If she can trap his guarded foot and toll him into gayety this night; the rumor spread; enlarged upon; his name linked twain with Isabel; how easy is our task in hand.

LAMAN. An artful plan well laid it is, and worthy of thyself. The plan must work. Thou'l see it through. (*Soberly*.) Their work must stop and shortly; else how will our coffers be replenished?

SEANTUM. Come in, come in, the hour is near; and our

criers must instructed be in case we win; and win we must.

(SEANTUM and LAMAN rise and exit L. Enters ZOAN from house; extends hands to SEANTUM in greeting—gushing.)

ZOAN (coming down and extending hands). How now, Seantum, great in Antlonum. Thine Isabel hath come, faithful to her pledge.

SEANTUM (receiving her). My dear Zoan, my charming Isabel (greets her).

ZOAN. I greet thee, Laman (extends hand).

SEANTUM (to LAMAN). Keep watch, and warn me of approach. (Exit LAMAN.) I knew mine Isabel would come.

ZOAN. Thy promised adventure inclined my desire; thy promised gold declared me.

SEANTUM. Hadst thou not love to reckon too?

ZOAN. Love, Seantum? And why not? Bethink the power of his gold.

SEANTUM. Gold in plenty shall be thine if thy task be well accomplished.

ZOAN. And what my task?

SEANTUM. Summon all thy cunning to blast a dangerous Nephite mission. Our priests have failed by argument, now use intrigue—thou shalt beguile a prophet.

ZOAN. A prophet? ha, ha, ha, rare novelty, ha, ha. I've ruined sons of wealthy sires, princes many, kings a few; but a prophet, ha, ha, ha. (Soberly.) What sort of a preacher is he? A pious, ugly old gray beard, I vow.

SEANTUM (nudges LAMAN). Gray beard, ha, ha,—

ZOAN. With a stooped back, a cracked voice, a shrunken leg; one that walketh with a staff. (Mimic walk.)

SEANTUM (nudges LAMAN). Ha, ha, walketh with a staff, ha, ha. Zoan would flatter Corianton.

ZOAN (affected). Corianton? Corianton! That name is far more prince than patriarch. Corianton! a pretty name. (Rousing—breaking the spell.) Oh, I shall ruin Corianton too. (To SEANTUM) Thy plot, thy plan; come, I am eager for the fray.

SEANTUM (earnestly). Thou'l not fail—?

ZOAN, Fail! Hath Isabel e'er yet failed? Fail! That word and Isabel are strangers!

LAMAN (entering humbly). The Nephite cometh.

SEANTUM (exit to steps). Let us depart. He entereth Eden's garden—

ZOAN. A woman shall be given—

SEANTUM. But will he touch the fruit?

ZOAN (on steps. Points SEANTUM). Yea, if the Serpent hath laid well his plot—

SEANTUM. Go in, go in, thou'l hear my plan (disappearing into house). Thou art to be my kinswoman in the plot—(voice dies out).

(Enter CORIANTON, SHIBLON and BASTOL, R. CORIANTON troubled in thought. BASTOL laughing gloriously.)  
(Hymn off R. distant—dying.)

BASTOL. Ha, ha, ha, ha, they had the Rameumptum in the center of the synagogue; and each would in his turn ascend, as if on road to heaven, ha, ha, ha.

CORIANTON (Sitting on rustic settee). Well, well, why didst thou go to such a place?

BASTOL. 'Cause I'm a fool rough called; and so must learn, and yet become a man; and say big things; and confound Zoramite Priests; (over to CORIANTON) and have the ladies love me as thou art loved by them. I tell thee, master, it was rare. How they prayed in solemn tones.

SHIBLON. Come, Bastol, cease thy prattle; go thy way.

BASTOL. Mayhap thou'd hear a prayer, I learned it all; for each in turn did say the self-same prayer. Thou'd give a deal to hear; say master that I may.

SHIBLON. He's in no mood to hear thy chatter, fool; leave him now with me.

BASTOL. Fool? A man likes oft to call himself a fool; but when another does, his pride is pricked.

CORIANTON. Can'st see I'm not inclined to jest today; and so begone.

BASTOL. Ah well, and pray for thee; for thou hast lost civility. (exit to house, L.)

SHIBLON. My brother, what doth vex thy mind?

CORIANTON. Shiblon, hast thou ever given thought how oft God's judgments seemeth cruel?

SHIBLON. Nay, Corianton, pause, reflect; pass not in judgment on His will. Thou art a chosen leader, *fore-ordained to mighty deeds*. (Pause—up to CORIANTON lovingly). Brother, of what art thou thinking?

CORIANTON. I am thinking now—*how good is God?* He stayed my hand in murder, when I would have smitten Korihor. *He* heard my prayer; *He* smote him for me. This day as I passed along the street, intent upon our mission, I beheld a poor haggard beggar, asking alms of passers by. He was miserably clad, and trembling; but there was something in that profile face which lived in my remembrance. On nearing I observed there was a wildness about the man occasioned by desperate efforts at speech. The form was wasted, the features shrunken; and insanity glared from those wild eyes. I gazed in pity upon him; and when he upturned that face to mine—My God, 'twas Korihor, the Anti-Christ. He recognized his false friend, and with a piercing scream, fled out of my presence; his face toward me as he fled;—My God, that look doth haunt me! At that moment a band of galloping horsemen passed, and Korihor was trodden down. I rushed to him, and raised his head; and O, those cries of agony; then a few painful gasps, and he sank back into

my arms, limp and lifeless. Yet this is one of God's judgments.

SHIBLON. He knoweth best. The judgment on the Anti-Christ was natural and just; his mouth was sealed in dumbness as becameth the offense.

CRIANTON. Yet HE—above all—could have been generous and pardoned before His justice turned to—seeming cruelty.

SHIBLON. Banish discontent my brother. A sign was given thee as asked.

CRIANTON. That seemed a miracle of cruelty. I crave another sign; be *it* a miracle of mercy.

SHIBLON (*partial soliloquy*). 'Tis ever thus. Faith won by miracle must be ever feasted thus, else doubt reclaims the convert. (*Up to CRIANTON affectionately.*) Come, brother, let me lead thee to our father. Could'st thou but see his joy. His rapture thrills at thy success.

CRIANTON. Our mission prospers with the poor; but the wise and influential sneer. Our mission *must* succeed. Be it not so these Zoramites descent from the Nephite government; espouse the Lamanites' old claim, and another grievous war is ours. The poor—God bless them—know the Shepherd's voice, but we must win their leaders too. Wealth has its honest hearts as well; be mine the task to find them.

SHIBLON, Their ears are stopped to pious speech.

CRIANTON. Seantum, greatest of them all inclines; for this I am his guest.

SHIBLON. Pretense, I fear. Come leave his roof. His conversion is unholy and sinister of purpose.

CRIANTON *restraining SHIBLON—warningly.*) I am his guest my brother; Stay thine accusation. (*Seeing that SHIBLON offended—to him—arm about him.*) Take not offense at thy brother's reckless speech. (*Starts SHIBLON R.*) Go back to father; comfort him; thou art a perfect son—would that I were like thee. (*Walking with SHIBLON, R.*) Go my brother; pray for me. Thou art a model to thy brother. (*Starts him off R., watches him a spell.*) What a boy! What a brother! (*Exit to house, L.*)

ZOAN (*Enters from street, R., carries flowers or other.*) Art thou one of the Nephite Prophets, come to teach the doctrines of the Nephites to the Zoramites?

CRIANTON. Yes.

ZOAN. And is thy name CRIANTON?

CRIANTON. Yes, I am CRIANTON.

ZOAN. Oh, then at last I have found thee.

CRIANTON (*gazing upon her curiously, yet in dignity, forgetting not that he is a priest.*) What meanest, damsel? I don't understand.

ZOAN. Thou art going into Seantum's?

CRIANTON. Yes, that is where I lodge.

ZOAN. I will go with thee. (*CRIANTON gazes rather suspiciously upon her, yet admiringly.*)

Oh, I forgot, thou art one of the Prophets; perhaps a solemn one; and my manners are too bold; but Seantum with whom thou lodgst, is a near kinsman, my mother's brother. (*Pause.*) Thou art not at all curious, Corianton. Thou hast not asked my name or why I am here. Thou hast scarce oped thy mouth. (*CORIANTON smiles.*) Thou smil'st. Dost mean by that, I have not given thee a chance to say more?

CORIANTON. I would know thy name fair one; and am most curious to know what thou wouldest with me.

ZOAN. Come, sir, sit thee down. (*Leads him to rustic settee; they sit. ZOAN drops—purposely—flowers she bears, CORIANTON picks them up.*) Thou must know then, sir Prophet, that I am Zoan of Siron. My father is a Nephite, but met with my mother, when taken captive during a war with thy people. The war over, he remained in her land a willing prisoner, they lived happily in Siron, till my mother died. (*ZOAN drops flowers—tears—watches closely for effect upon CORIANTON.*) My father still lives and has never been entirely rid of the traditions of the Nephites. On hearing that a party of Nephite Prophets were preaching in Antionum, it was his wish that I should come to my kinsman, Seantum's, and ask that thou'd speak also in Siron.

CORIANTON. But why comest thou to me? I do not lead our party. I am youngest in it.

ZOAN. Ah, sir Prophet, thou art more famous than thou knowst. (*Rises and crosses R. During this scene, ZOAN must unwittingly essay positions that will play upon Corianton.*) It was Corianton we first heard of in Siron. It is he whose eloquence most baffles the Zoramites; and threatens the disruption of their Church. Believe me, sir Prophet, I was charged bid thee come to Siron by my father. For all day I have sought thee, and now that I have found thee and delivered my message—(*Pleads; both hands on his arm.*) Wilt thou go to Siron?

CORIANTON. I cannot say lady, I must first counsel with mine associates, and if by them it is thought best, I—

ZOAN (*Coquettishly*). What? Art thou not free to come and go where and when thou pleasest? Art thou in bondage?

CORIANTON. No, lady, not in bondage, but it is mete I counsel with mine associates; and if—

ZOAN (*tauntingly*). And if they give thee leave, why then, thou wilt go. (*Sighs.*) Ah me, that is such liberty as maiden hath under her father's control, I have often wished myself a man, that I might have a more extended liberty, but if men cannot act independent of control, it pleaseth me that I am a woman. (*Sighs.*) I fear, sir Prophet, I shall never be a convert to thy faith.

CORIANTON (*takes her hands tenderly*). Then I should

esteem my success in Siron of little value, though I gained the whole multitude, if I failed to number one so fair 'mongst those who followed. (*Kisses her hand.*)

ZOAN (*modestly breaks the situation*). Come, sir, let us go in. Thou findest now thy tongue. (*Roguishly.*) And even a Prophet, I see, can flatter. (*Start into house.*)

SEANTUM (*Entering from house. Meets ZOAN and CORIANTON, SEANTUM and ZOAN pass significant look; takes CORIANTON's hand.*). Returned home at last, Corianton, eh?

ZOAN. Yes, kinsman; I found our Prophet as he was entering the house and have detained him long enough to deliver my message. (*Poises to best advantage in portal.*)

SEANTUM. Quite right too, quite right. If thou hast anything to do, do it; and do it at once. (*To CORIANTON.*) But come sir, a fair company hath assembled to make merry the night. Recreation will do thee good, sir. (*Pats him on the back.*) Youth was made for enjoyment; and so cheats itself, if it makes not good use of the time.

ZOAN (*roguishly at door*). Ah, sir kinsman, thou forgettest, this man is an holy man, and will account the revels thou recommendst as sinful. (*Mock sigh.*) Alas! alas! that youth should so soon wed itself to the vocation of the aged. Besides, I warrant thee, he will tell thee he must counsel with his fellow Prophets before he dare stir. (*Tauntingly.*) So pray, forbear, tempt not the holy Prophet, ha, ha, ha, ha. (*Exit laughing into house; dies out.*)

SEANTUM. Ha, ha, ha, by my life, sir, she hath hit thee as hard with her sarcasm of thy solemnities as thy ridicule hits the weakness of our Zoramitish faith. (*Pats him on back.*) But come sir, thou must rally. Thou must let her see thou hast spirit, which I know thou hast. Go in, it will not harm thy reputation. Thou'l meet the very ones to aid thy cause. Go in and change thy priestly robes for garb of less exacting conduct.

CORIANTON. 'Twill aid our cause, thou sayst?

SEANTUM. Our *kindred* cause, go in. 'Twill be the very thing to help thy father's mission. Hath Seantum not advised thee well?

CORIANTON. Seantum's friends are mighty and can aid me much. To win the wealthy too, is Corianton's purpose.

SEANTUM. Thou canst lead them gently back—to thy shepherd father's fold.

CORIANTON. And that the calling of a Priest. Hath pleasure not its honest hearts?

SEANTUM. Thy mission more to sinners than to saints. Let thy merry nature win them. Go in, my Corianton. go (*exit CORIANTON.*) (*In the dark.*) Ay, Seantum's friends are mighty and will aid thee much—to ruin thy father's

mission. Tonight we are to do with revels what our priests have failed to do with logic. Wine, song, merriment, will drive these Nephites out. (*Singing heard*) The revels have begun for the Nephite Prophet's fall. (*Exit into house.*)

(*LIGHTS.—Sunset, amber clouds, gradually dies into moonlight. Distant music. Zoramite air approaching during the light effects.*)

### SCENE 2.

(*Seantum's Famous Garden. Decorated profusely for the occasion, out in holiday attire. Floral arches, etc. All added to natural wealth of scene. A veritable Daphane.*)

(*Seantum's Flambeau Club—seated on ground; these slaves blow vari-colored lights from flambeaux: blue, green, red, purple, etc., etc. Chorus of youth and beauty discovered. At change, all are singing:*)

### “ZORAMITE AIR.”

*At close of first stanza MELEK signals bugler to blow call; Bugler blows call on horn; they begin second stanza: When begin there comes in response to call, L. U. E., the famous:*

### “BLACK PEARLS.”

(*They dance through the path L. U. E. “Zepha,” a gay Minuet.*)

(*“Black Pearls,” are Lamanite Maidens, celebrated dancers; highly ornamented. Ballet and Chorus continue together. At close ballet exit. Dancing L. 2. Chorus and all surround tables.*)

MELEK (as ballet dance off.) Well done, thou dusky pearls. (To Chorus.) Well sung, fair ones. Thou wouldst do honor even to a Nephite occasion.

HEBRON (*noticeably affected by wine*). And is not this a Nephite occasion, pray?

OMNES (*laughter, etc., etc.*) Yes. Is it not? True, true, etc., etc.

MELEK. We are here to fell a Nephite. Our Rameumpton Priests go down before the arguments of the princely Corianton as combatists fall before the certain steel of our Seantum.

(*SEANTUM in charge of CORIANTON is seen entering L. U. E.*)

LYDA (*points toward CORIANTON*). Look, Lealia.

LEALIA (*at same table*). Oh, how young!

MIRIAM (*admiration now general*). Oh, how handsome!

SALOME (*rapturously to ladies suggestively quiet*). And what a form!

LYDA. Who is it?

(*Admiration now at climax.*)

MELEK (*who has been behind their table unseen by them*). Hist, 'tis the Nephite Prophet.

(*CORIANTON and SEANTUM now down; ladies blush, hang their heads, look from corners of their eyes at each other, etc., etc.*)

SEANTUM (*now down c. introducing CORIANTON*). This is my Nephite prophet of whom thou hast heard me speak. Receive him as my honored guest and friend.

(*All rise and salute.*)

MELEK. Come, let's pledge this acquaintance in wine. (*Raps for servants.*)

OMNES. Yes, yes, a pledge of wine.

CORIANTON. Kind friends, our friendship need be none the less, e'en tho' we pledge it not in wine.

OMNES. Come, come, a pledge of wine.

SEANTUM (*steps up to CORIANTON aside like*). 'Tis our custom; and offends, if thou refuseth.

CORIANTON. But, sir, my brethren —

SEANTUM. Will not know of it; come. (*To company without waiting his assent.*) Yes, friends, we'll pledge it now in wine.

(*Servants quickly down with wine.*)

OMNES. Here, here, noble Seantum.

(*All applaud, ladies with fans; enter waiters with jugs of wine and metal goblets; serve wine to OMNES. All tips goblets and sings toast; all drain goblets.*)

SEANTUM. Tho' our friend is a Nephite, and reared under traditions which we have forsaken; religious differences, arising wholly from trainings in childhood should make no difference in social life.

OMNES. Nay, nay, etc., etc.

HEBRON (*intoxicated*). Let's bury the thoughts of all such difference in another bowl of wine.

MELEK. Splendid suggestion; one worthy of Seantum himself. (*Raps for waiters, who stand by, quickly.*) More wine and a dance.

#### TOAST DITTY:

(*Bugler blows call on horn, waiters serve wine; flambeaux are blown throughout, lights change during entire gayety—Scene, blue, green, purple, etc. etc. Lively music as the*

#### “BLACK PEARLS”

*come tripping in L. U. E. in preliminary to Zoan; form in parallel lines for Zoan. Zoan dances in between lines from L. U. E. indulges the “DANCE OF DEATH.”*

*Black Pearls dance first accompaniment, Chorus rear accompaniment.)*

(*The beguiling of CORIANTON. During ZOAN ZE ISABEL'S “Dance of Death,” which is continuous despite the dialogue and chorus ditties injected occasionally. SEANTUM and LAMAN are urging wine upon CORIANTON. He finally gets to drinking it mechanically while watching ZOAN'S “Dance of Death” so intently.*)

SEANTUM. Is she not fair, my Corianton?

CORIANTON. Fair as any Nephite maiden.

SEANTUM. Thou hast entranced her. Pray sup of wine with me.

(*They drink wine, CORIANTON having eyes for ZOAN'S dance*

only. Chorus ditty offerings, occasionally. ZOAN directs all of her efforts toward CORIANTON, her interest in him flatters him and he gives noticeable expressions of satisfaction to SEANTUM and LAMAN. All attentive to CORIANTON.)

LAMAN. Thou has won her Corianton.

SEANTUM. I told thee friends would vie to win thine approbation. Come sup again of wine. (Drink again.)

LAMAN. And now again with me. (Drink again.)

CORIANTON (wine affecting him). 'Tis a merry dance. (Slightly unlimbers himself in step, as if to join.) Zoan—a queen of beauty.

ZOAN. This from one so handsome and gallant. Now thou must sup of wine with me. (ZOAN in continuous dance—from the first—takes a goblet and dances up to CORIANTON offering goblet.)

CORIANTON (wine quite affecting him). Which one is mine? (Extends hand to take it.) The goblet danceth too. (Makes two or three efforts to grasp goblet—then seizes it.)

OMNES. (A peal of mirthful laughter.)

CORIANTON. (About to drink, the laughter recalls his position—thoughtful pause—he thrusts the goblet aside. SEANTUM and LAMAN and others show by expressions, their fear the plot will fail.)

LAMAN. Will thy plot fail?

ZOAN (redoubles her efforts by the dance—a critical moment.) I vow our Nephite friend can dance as well as I. (Flings her scarf towards CORIANTON challengingly.) Come, my Corianton, prove it so. (Flings scarf.)

(ZOAN sings refrain as she dances.)

“Prove it so;

Prove it so.

Let gallantry and beauty join;  
Join in merry dance.”

(Flings scarf challengingly—CORIANTON “looses all holds” joins in the finale: and shares the applause with ZOAN ZE ISABEL.)

ZOAN (In c. with CORIANTON; twinklingly.) Ah, my friend, I scarcely thought a prophet could do so well.

CORIANTON (sighs). Prophet—

ZOAN (perceiving the effect in thus recalling the past; or his position). Thou didst well, I am proud of thee. Thou must be my companion for the evening.

SEANTUM (quickly bringing goblets of wine, hands one to CORIANTON, one to ZOAN). Bravo, Corianton, bravo! I congratulate thee on thy conquest of the fairest lady in the land. Come, we will ratify with a bowl of wine.

(All forward and back in “Toast Ditty,” CORIANTON, ZOAN and SEANTUM c. front; Black Pearls immediate rear; Chorus in background. All sing

“LAMANITE AIR.”

At close all turn up stage to various tables. ZOAN takes CORIANTON in charge. Servant enters L. talks with SEANTUM. Other specialties—such as harp, etc., etc. Display may be introduced.)

SEANTUM (*dismissing servant*). Come, friends, the banquet is prepared in honor of our new made friend; Corianton, claim thy fair Zoan, and grace the head of our procession.

(CORIANTON *leads with ZOAN*. *All file off L. U. E. to banquet. SEANTUM watches them off; Flambeau Club last.*)

SEANTUM (*comes down stage with triumphant strut. Signals criers from L. Criers all surround him; eagerly*). Go spread the news, yea cry it instantly—"The Nephite Prophet's son doth revel gay with Isabel. Shout it high on every street. Six onties is the hire.

RIERS (*ecstasy*). Six onties?

SEANTUM. Six onties each; and six again if direct this night, these Prophets are expelled—ZEBU, this thy task. Knowst the call? (*All assent.*) Go, then, depart ye all and shout with spirit.

RIERS (*six of them. All exit R., crying*): "Behold the Nephite Prophet, come to teach us holiness; while his son makes merry the night with Isabel!"

(*Gradually dies out, after repeating it once or twice.*)

SEANTUM (*listens, pleased in ecstasy*). The Gods, yea, e'en the Nephite Gods, it seems, now smile upon me. Oh, I'll repay this favor, pay it thrice or more. But give me thy continued smile, and I'll be king of Zarahemla. (*Gayety and laughter off L.*) Revel righteous one.

(*Laughter and gayety again; all thro' scene intermittently.*)

LAMAN (*rushing in from L. U. E.*) Come, Seantum, to the banquet, look closely to thy love, for she is much taken with this Nephite.

SEANTUM. Taken? Fie. My fair ZOAN will do her duty well. Come, talk of what the harvest brings.

LAMAN. Too early for a harvest counted when the seeds have scarce took root.

SEANTUM. Then hear my plan and aid me through. (*Brings LAMAN down—undertone.*) Our criers have gone forth to rouse the multitude, and Zebu heads the mob to drive the prophets out—drive them out this very night. (*Sneering.*) This handsome one and eloquent, I'll hold in gayety, till 'tis certain all are gone.

LAMAN. Zoan can hold him now—(*taps SEANTUM significantly*) beware he win her not, and take her with him.

SEANTUM (*soberly*). Did I think that, I'd slay him at the banquet. (*Confidently.*) Bah, I've little thought of that. Zoan is certain in the plot, but listen to our future course. (*Undertone.*) Renounce our present allegiance to the Nephite cause, and asseverate our independence. Organize the countless warriors of these savage Lamanites with Zoramitish captains who will lead them 'gainst the Nephites.

LAMAN (*waiving it aside as disbelieved*). Nay, Seantum; this hath too oft failed, to try the plan again.

SEANTUM. Failed of course for want of rightful com-

bines. (*Up to him, undertone.*) Thou knowst of one Gadianton, his secret oath and band, that flourished in the Nephite city—

LAMAN. But he is dead, now nine moons past.

SEANTUM. True, but one, Amuloki, hath fallen heir to this same spirit—

LAMAN. Revived their secret grips and signs—

SEANTUM ( *nods assent*). Ay, and boasts a mighty following. In league with him—all prearranged—a foe within, as well without, their city is our prize.

LAMAN (*pleased*). Thou art every inch a leader. (*Pats him on back.*)

SEANTUM. Give now thy hand as pledge of aid. (*Grasp hands.*) Be secret too, as well, if fortune frown not for a time, I'll lead mine armies 'gainst their walls, yea, I'll be king of all the land. (*Exit with LAMAN L. 1 E. Cries heard—Distant.*)

CORIANTON. (*Outside.*) Nay Zoan not another goblet. (*Enter L. U. E. slightly affected by the wine.*) I wonder where Seantum could have hied himself? The banquet, brief, is o'er, the guests are all departing. (*Down to seat.*) Zoan hath bid me soft "Good night" and left for slumberland. Was ever mortal half so fair? (*Reflects*) And yet, her eye conceals her soul, nor aught reveals as doth the eye of Relia. (*Echoes the word.*) "Relia." (*Thinkingly.*) Shiblon's Relia. Nay, something whispers—"Thine!" My brain is dizzied by the wine. My head begins to whirl as did Zoan when she began to dance. She looks so young and innocent; so mischievous and gay, that I—Nay Corianton thou art the Nephite Prophet's son, and must follow his commandment. Mine eyes are heavy. (*Gaps and yawns and falls asleep like.*)

SHIBLON. *Enters L. U. E. looks about for Corianton, inspects off L. U. E, finally spies Corianton down stage; down to him tries to wake him.*) Wake, brother, wake, come, leave this horrid place. (*Corianton dreamily rouses slightly Shiblon careful not to rouse servants.*) Come, brother, in the name of heaven, shake off this slumber, and come with me before it is too late.

CORIANTON. (*More awake like.*) Why Shiblon, what's amiss?

SHIBLON. Alas, I fear thou art amiss, and thy bad deeds are like to bring trouble to us all.

CORIANTON. Why Shiblon, what's the matter?

SHIBLON. Thine association with Isabel in this place is the talk of the city.

CORIANTON (*Echoes.*) Isabel?

SHIBLON. We can no more preach to the people. Why on every street they call out to our father—"Behold the Nephite Prophet, come to teach us holiness, while his son makes merry the night with Isabel."

CORIANTON. (*Echoes.*) Isabel?

SHIBLON. The other brethren have started to leave the

city, driven by the mob; but I am come in search of thee; now come, my brother, come. (*Enthusiasm makes him forget need of caution and he gets loud.*) By a penitent life thou mayest cancel this great sin. Thou art young, not yet hardened in vice, I pray thee come.

CRIANTON. Shiblon, I know not Isabel of whom thou speakst and though the revels of this night are indiscreet, I am free from the sin thou imputest unto me.

SHIBLON. God grant thou art, and far be it from me to think thou addst falsehood to a greater sin. But Brother, the house of Seantum, where thou lodgst, is the worst den of infamy in all Antionum. And thou wert seen this night, in this very place, in loving converse with Isabel.

CRIANTON. Isabel? I know not nor have met such woman. I met here to night with Zoan, niece of Seantum, and tho' of spritely disposition, yet modest; and I believe as pure as she is fair.

SHIBLON. Ah, Corianton, in this thou art cozoned, that woman is not Zoan; nor is she Seantum's niece.

CRIANTON. Not—?

SHIBLON. But a celebrated woman from Siron.

CRIANTON. What sayst?

SHIBLON. Thou hast fallen into the trap laid by the Zoramites to destroy our mission.

(SEANTUM enters L. U. E. *undiscovered, comes down rear and listens.*)

Seantum is one of the leaders of the Zoramites—

CRIANTON. But is kindly towards our cause—

SHIBLON. 'Tis but pretense. He it is who sent for this cunning woman, to work thy ruin; and in that hopes for the destruction of our mission. He hath succeeded alas, too well; they have deceived thee, my brother.

(SEANTUM signals off L. for body guard to come.)

As the devil appears as an angel of light, so this woman assumes a virtue she possesses not; and in that seeming, wins thee to destruction; but break this chain and let us flee.

SEANTUM (down L. with his body guard which has entered L.) Take that man and bind him. (*Signifies SHIBLON—guards hesitate.*) Corianton, I have heard the ungracious words of thy brother 'gainst my house and my kinswoman, and I insist upon a vindication of both before the magistrate of our city. Hence I have taken him; but I mean him no further mischief. Justice to my household and to my reputation dictates the taking of this course.

CRIANTON. Tho' the sentence fall upon my brother, I say thy cause is just. Thou must clean thy house of slander. Let him retract before the judges; but O let not evil befall him, for 'tis love for me alone, hath prompted his intemperate speech.

SHIBLON. Corianton, I complain not at my captivity, but take my advice, if thou art free from the sin that reputation puts on thee; lose no time in leaving this man's accursed house. Trust not his friendship, for it is poison. Believe not in the pretensions of Isabel, Zoan she is not. She is one—

SEANTUM. Away with him and stop his slanderous tongue! (*Guards advance to lay rough hold on Shiblon.*)

CORIANTON. Nay, nay. (*He firmly stops them—they draw swords and rush at him; CORIANTON, by his sword, wrenches their swords from their grasp and up stage, To SEANTUM firmly.*) He is my brother!—Thou art but my friend! He will go without persuasion. His zeal hath unwisely loosed his tongue. (*Arm about Shiblon.* My brother will unsay this slander 'gainst my friend Seantum's house. (*Starting SHIBLON R.*) Go, brother, to the Magistrate it is the law. Unsay thy words; 'tis but a form.

SHIBLON. Brother, thou art blinded by thine infatuation, but the scales will fall from thine eyes; thou wilt see, and thou wilt know. Farewell, and whatever fate overtakes me remember, I suffer it out of love for thee, my brother—

SEANTUM. Away with him. (*Guards take SHIBLON off R.*) My pledge to thee, my Corianton, no harm shall come to Shiblon. (*Exit L.*)

CORIANTON. Thy pledge is ample. Shiblon will unsay his accusation.

(*Street crier heard outside—distant.*)

"Behold the Nephite Prophet come to teach us holiness, while his son makes merry the night with Isabel,

BASTOL (*enter R. U. E. laughing gloriously fool's cracking laugh; has been out on the streets and seen the criers, etc.*) Ha, ha, ha, ha, a long nosed fish is easily caught, how easily thou wert caught, ha, ha, ha. The handsome Nephite, who confounded Priests galore, hath fallen prey before a fair, foul, fickle woman, ha, ha, ha.

CORIANTON. What meanst?

(*Cries heard.*)

BASTOL' Dost hear? No sooner was the game made sure than the criers earned their hire. "Behold the Nephite Prophet come to teach us holiness, while his son makes merry the night with Isabel." (*Near him, tauntingly.*) Oh, what a fool thou art.

CORIANTON. Silence fool, explain thyself.

BASTOL. "Teach thy own son virtue," cries the first; "the son's no worst than the father, I'll warrant," chimes in the second; "say old gray beard, which one art to Isabel engaged to-morrow?" blats the third, ha, ha, ha.

CORIANTON (*clutching him by the shoulder*). Stop, sir; I'll not be mocked in such a way.

BASTOL (*edging up to side of CORIANTON*). That's

right, come near, now look thy best. (*Tauntingly.*) Now judge us which of twain is fool, ha, ha.

CORIANTON (*catching him by throat*). Thou idiot. Now speak serene, or this moment is thy last.

BASTOL. (*Frees himself, bus. of choking.*) Then let me speak, don't hold my neck. (*Looks softlike at CORIANTON.*) Oh, what a fool thou art, Seantum smiles aloud, Zoan doth chuckle. She'll dupe thee once again, I vow. The conquest's won; the Prophets stoned. They leave before a jeering crowd—

CORIANTON. Dost speak the truth; or jesteth thou? Speak. (*Over him, fiercely anxious.*) Answer thou in haste.

BASTOL. (*Quietly, in contrast.*) My words are truth, I swear to thee—true as Bastol's lies, ha, ha, ha.

CORIANTON. Begone, begone, and seek them then. (*Throws BASTOL up stage, BASTOL falls in a heap; remains perfectly motionless.*) Can this be true? 'Twas just as Shibleon told. Could ought so beautiful and fair be other than pure and good? I'll not believe until I know. If then she indeed be false, and hath betrayed me, God pity her; for she hath need of pity. (*Rushes off R. 2 E.*)

BASTOL. (*On ground, same position into which he has fallen. Sings.*) Who'll take me now?

My master is dethroned outright,  
Who'll take me now?

I'm surely in a plight.

(Speaks) When Satan fishes for great men, his hook, he oft times baits with woman's beauty. This time he's landed well his prey. An easy thing to land another quite as great, if he'll but drop a hook with my silent tongued, my dark complexioned damsel baited. (*Enter MANITAH L. 2 E. with brush etc.*) MANATAH is ZOAN'S maid—black Lamanite. MANATAH speaks quickly but occasionally balks on words. When the "balk" comes, BASTOL drops his lower jaw in sympathetic waiting. She has jug of oil and brush to dress ZOAN'S hair. (*Going to summer house.*) Hey, dey; hey, dey, and who art thou?

MANITAH (*stutters*). Man—e—t—t—tah.

BASTOL (*works bus. of mimicing her*). Man-e-tah. (*Reflects over name.*) Eat a man. (*MANITAH looks fiercely, Yes. Whitherward?*)

MANITAH. T—t—t—

BASTOL (*mimicing*). T—t—t—. (*Nods his head toward house.*) A lady's maid thou art, as told by thy robe, but who thy mistress, pray?

MANITAH. My business, s—s—sir.

BASTOL. Thy business, true; but I would make it mine. (*Surveys her searchingly. Speaks to himself like.*) Dark, yea, very dark; raven hair, form not tall, nor short and buntie she, eyes like beedles, silent too her tongue. (*Joyously.*) Bastol thou hast found her. (*Dances about in ecstasy.*)

MANITAH (sees ZOAN coming, L.) Sh-h-h-h—my mistress c—comes.

BASTOL. I'll leave thee then—I should say—now; but I shall haunt thee often. (Exit L. U. E.)

ZOAN (L. 2, *much troubled, crosses to summer house.*) Come, my maid and stroke my hair. (Wears wrapper like robe—maid goes into summer house.)

SEANTUM (*enters from L. 2, laughing; ZOAN stops at door of summer house.*) Ha, ha, ha, ha, all is worked to a nicety; the Prophets leave midst the jeers of the multitude. One is cast into prison to answer slandering my house. Ha, ha, ha.

ZOAN (*short with replies*). And an easy task to find a fitting answer.

SEANTUM. What? Zoan affected by this Nephite? Ha, ha, ha, what is wrong?

ZOAN. Nothing sir, yet all is wrong. The work is done *take back the price*; (*flings sack of gold at his feet*); and see to it ye seek me not again for such a hellish mission.

SEANTUM. Zoan a moralist? Repentant? Ha, ha, ha, a jest it is indeed.

ZOAN. No jest at all with me. Send the Nephite to the ante-chamber; I'll meet him there, that I may ask forgiveness. (Burst of rage.) Go! and tarry here no longer!

SEANTUM. Ha, ha, ha; thou art beside thyself; but then I'll go and send thee now the Prophet; and end in comedy this romance. (Going L.) Zoan Ze Isabel, a moralist, ha, ha, ha, ha. (Exit L. 2 E.)

ZOAN (*going to summer house*). Come maid, prepare my hair. (Goes inside; lets hair down.)

LAMAN. (Sneering. Voice outside.) Ah-h-h-h! There goes the Prophet, ha, ha, ha.

OMNES. Stone him! Stone him! (Street criers and jeers heard intermittently till curtain. Mob heard driving ALMA and missionaries out)

CORIANTON. (Outside—coming.) Where is she? Where is she? (Rushes in from R. 2 in rage.) Where is the false Zoan? Zoan Ze Isabel?

ZOAN. (Rushes out of summer house; hair streaming in the moonlight.) Methinks this entrance somewhat rude and unannounced, bold Nephite. At least, I should have thought a Prophet would have had respect for a maiden's privacy.

CORIANTON. (Furious.) Ay, no doubt he would. All men would respect a maiden's privacy. The most licentious wretch would tremble, did he invade its hallowed precinct; but who respects the privacy of a wanton?

ZOAN. Wanton? What meanst thou?

CORIANTON. (Rage increasing.) Mean? Mean? I mean that the mask behind which thou hast hid as Zoan is snatched away. I mean that thou art base and vile.

(Almost frantic with rage.) That the sweet tones of thy voice, that arch smile; that angel form, are but the blandishments of Hell, to decoy men on to ruin. (Jeers outside.) Dost hear those taunts and jeers? Thou it is that caused them. (Jeers.) Dost hear them? This thy work! (Unable to control his rage longer he grasps her by the throat and flings her across his bended knee. (O, thou fiend. (Her upturned face melts him; he relents and lifts her up.) No, no, I will not kill thee. I meant not to harm thee. Pardon me. (Sighs and walks x to L.) O my God! why is this woman so fair and yet so foul, that heated rage is cooled; and man's purposed revenge weeps itself to softness? (Agony of soul.) Oh, how they stared at me—"There he goes." "There he goes," they cried; my God, what will I do? (Sits and weeps L.)

ZOAN (crosses, sinks beside him; softly). Corianton, hast thou done well in this proceeding? What have I done to merit such harsh treatment? How deserved it?

CORIANTON (turns fiercely). What hast thou done? Thou camest to me with a lie on thy lips, deceit in thy heart; and under the guise of innocence, purity and goodness, sought to encompass my ruin. (Rises, anguish.) Well, madam, have thy plans carried! (Crosses to R.) I am undone; ruined. I can never more return to my people. To them I am infamous, an outcast. (Sinks and weeps, R.)

ZOAN (ZOAN'S apology—follows him). But may there not be some extenuating circumstances to free me from the harsh judgment thou passest upon me? Trained from my childhood to hate thy people; and taught that all means were proper that would lead to their destruction; is it any wonder I undertook the part assigned me in the scheme? But Corianton; (beside him; he draws away from her) the moment I saw thee, so noble in bearing, so young; I shrank from the wicked plot. But what was I to do? Had I told thee the truth—that I was Isabel—the infamy of that name would have steeled thy heart against me. Thou wouldest have driven me from thee as an unclean thing. (At his feet; shrinks from touch.) Thy presence; the nobility which looked from thine eyes, inspired me with a longing I had never known before—a desire for purity, goodness, virtue. Unclean as I am, hope, whispered high promise to my woman's heart:—"Love will forgive." "Love will forgive."

CORIANTON (echoes). "Forgive?"

ZOAN. "Forgive," it said; but alas it is vain hope. I awake and find it dust. (Rises and walks L.) O, why is there so much difference between man and woman? No matter what the past of man may have been; he hath but to repent, and all is forgotten; but when a woman falls, 'tis never more to rise or be forgiven. (Breaks down and weeps, L.)

CURIANTON (*her tears touch his tender self; crosses to her, soothingly*). Nay, do not weep, Zoan; if I have fallen, I alone am to blame, and I am no coward to lay the blame upon another. I alone am guilty, and will bear alone the burthen of Heaven's displeasure.

ZOAN. Corianton, come with me—go with me to Siron. If thou hast become an outcast from thy people, and that through me; I will become an outcast, and forsake my friends for thee. (*Hopefully.*) Then hand in hand, we will seek our newer, better fortune. (*Sighs!*) But men are changeable in their love; and when time and care steal beauty from my cheeks, thine eyes will wander, (*To him.*) So swear to be true to me, Corianton; swear it. (*Hangs on his neck pleadingly.*)

CURIANTON. Swear to be true to thee? I, son of Prophet Alma, true to thee, a wanton? (*Throws her off.*) Not so; not I. This night hath ostracised me from my native land. I am a wanderer, self-exiled by my shame—

ZOAN. O let me go with thee to share thy sorrows, soothe thy wounds by me inflicted, I played the siren; caused thy pains; now let me be thy slave—

CURIANTON. I could but deem thee false, e'en tho' my slave, because of falsehood once. Dost think I could be true to thee; content to call thee wife? Each day I'd wring thy heart with hot reflections on the past.

ZOAN. Nay, Corianton—

CURIANTON. (*Crosses in anguish.*) Oh, I know, I know. I'd tell thee what I might have been but for thy hellish mission.

ZOAN. (*Anguish.*) O Corianton, hold thy tongue. Thy words are faggots in my heart. My future life is black as night; and thou couldst make it Heaven. (*Kneels and pleads.*) O be my Lord and Savior, pray?

CURIANTON. (*Echoes.*) "Savior,"

ZOAN. And I shall bless thee ever.

CURIANTON. Her savior. (*He turns half wavering from her.*)

ZOAN. Thou turnst away? Thou spurnst my prayer? Then in thy mercy kill me. (*Draws dagger.*) This dagger is my friend. Pray strike it to my heart. (*Proffers dagger to CURIANTON.*)

CURIANTON. Nay, nay, Zoan I—

ZOAN. Strike, strike, my love; 'twas I that caused thy pains. (*Holds it to him.*)

CURIANTON. (*Nervously.*) Not strike Zoan; for I forgive; I—

ZOAN. What! thou wilt not? Then I will do it for thee. (*Raises dagger; is about to plunge it into her own heart when he seizes her by the wrist.*)

CURIANTON. Zoan!—thou dost love me so? (*He slowly takes the dagger from her.*)

ZOAN. (*Pleads.*) Now wilt thou do it for me?

CORIANTON. Not strike, Zoan; I—I'll go with thee to Siron.

ZOAN (*in ecstasy*). Thou wilt? (*Arms about his neck.*) My noble prince! *My savior too!*

PICTURE.—CURTAIN.

## ACT III.

SCENE—ZOAN'S PALACE AT SIRON.

Very rich and brilliant interior. Aztec arch c., stairs leading up to exit c. Candelabra R. and L. also R. and L. flat. Tables, decorated with vases R. and L. Couch c. Curules appropriately arranged. Animal rugs in evidence. Antlers or the like on walls. Aztec sculpture work represented. Statuary R. and L. Stairway. Beaded curtains, etc., etc., etc. Coat of arms—cross swords, etc.

(At rise of curtain MANITAH seated on divan L. weaving flowers into garland. During her work may be given an informal specialty in harmony with the general atmosphere.)

“A FLORAL CROWN.”

(Enter BASTOL down steps c., as from other chamber of palace merely.)

BASTOL (on steps—coming down). What, wreaths, flowers, garlands in these troubrous times?

MANITAH (displays wreath.) For my new m—m—master, the handsome Corianton, to be p—p—prince of Zoan's p—p—palace.

BASTOL. A pretty tribute and all in haste; but thy time for such ill chosen; *this* a time to sharpen blades.

MANITAH. Why sharpen weapons, B—B—Bastol?

BASTOL (displeased at her halting on his name). Nay, nay, halt not on Bastol's name. Why file our swords? Why, Seantum's savage warriors collect in force at Antionum. *War is in the air!*

MANITAH. Mayhap 'tis not for w—w—war, but for revenge on Corian-t-t-ton.

BASTOL. And why ten thousand warriors to slay one unarmed priest?

MANITAH (*shy like*). Perchance 'tis known that B—B—Bastol is b—b—by his side.

BASTOL. (*Ecstasy.*) Thou art a gem my hesitating maiden. I pardon thee thy h-h-halting speech. (*Proudly and with extravagant dignity.*) Yes Bastol stands beside his master; foresaw this trouble; forestalled it too; and all providence is made.

MANITAH. And what thy p-p-preparation?

BASTOL. A cumbrous weapon I have conceived, of curious workmanship.

MANITAH. And where thy weapon p-p-pray?

BASTOL. 'Tis well concealed; I'll bring it forth. (Goes up & takes from under larger "tiger rug" before steps a huge pair of curiously made scissors, two huge cross swords riveted together, five feet long, displays them up stage.) Mine Manitah, Bastol's own conception. And look Manitah; see them stride. (Walks them down stage comically.)

MANITAH. Thy weapon clumsy B-B-Bastol.

BASTOL. (Looks upon her rebukingly.) I warned thee once; halt not my name again. As I say, Manitah, in mercy I always do it speedily. If death must come why make it long in process of completion?

MANITAH. Talk not of killing, Ba-a-stol. (Slowly, but not halt on "Bastol.") BASTOL observes her closely.)

BASTOL. Now that was better, damsel. The time of recent when I slew the Shilomite, he scarce did wriggle yet a single wriggle, but died with a gracious smile and boldly writ upon those dusky, damask features. (Displays scissors.) Ah yes Manitah my cumbrous weapon of curious workmanship, doth expedite in very deed.

MANITAH. That-Shilomite servant-was my-k-k-kins-man-back a stretch. Thou art a f-f-fool.

BASTOL. Fool! yes, it runs in the family and some have said it caught me quite. 'Tis somewhat unadorned to be christened plain "fool" however I'll endeavor to swallow it. (Examines weapon.)

MANITAH. I could—eat—t-t-thee.

BASTOL. (Looks inquiringly at her.) And when thou dost a balance of brains will be in thy b-b-b-bowels. (Slight bowels—Stutters on bowels.)

MANITAH. Why camest thou to S-S-S-Siron?

BASTOL. Thy silent tongue beguiled me hither. My master too, commanded. Zoan's palace is e'en greater than my master's and his the pride of Zarahemla. (All about examining during speeches.)

MANITAH. Thy promise—too was—b-b-b-broken.

BASTOL. True, but I can make another. Time will not allow my keeping many promises. I leap across the field of facts; seize a galloping idea by the mane; and it is m-m-mine. (Scissors bus. kept in mind.)

MANITAH. I fear the fierce Seantum will come for v-v-vengeance any t-t-t-time.

BASTOL. (Extravagant courage.) Let Seantum come! I'll have his head! (Attitudes and works scissors invitingly)

MANITAH. Thou art a b-b-boaster—merely. Thy words but from thy m-m-mouth.

BASTOL. But I am a great comfort to myself and pine not for sympathy. As for thee, my hesitating damsel, thou canst scarce say b-b-b-boo to a b-b-bird. (Back to MANITAH. Mocks her.)

MANITAH (up in rage, tries to speak; exerts herself into shuffle). T-t-t-t-t-B-b-b-b—

BASTOL (*shoulders scissors. Mimics her in sound and motion; sort of "chicory shuffle."*)

MANITAH. W-w-w-w B-b-b-b— (*So angry she can't speak; (Exit in rage, L. 1 E.)*)

BASTOL (*suddenly brings his foot down with a bang as she exits. Scissors down—rests on them*). Now that particular Lamanite is worth cultivating. I never was confident of much influence at the throne; but God is merciful to stay her speech. The Prophet said all Lamanites who believed would become white and delightsome. Well, Manitalah is delightsome; but when she finds her whiteness, will she find her speech and thereby lose her present delighttity? (*Looks off L.*) Ha, ha, the damsel is much angered. I'll still the troubled sea.

#### A SHORT DITTY.

(*Scissor pantomime during song; at exit shoulder scissors and off L. 1.*)

ZEBU (*outside c.*) Thy step is halting, lax, infirm; give spirit to thy tread. (*Coming nearer, appears c. with SEANTUM's body guard.*) Thy sword work too is crude oftentimes. (*Coming down c.*) I'll drill thee night and day, in street and palace too, till thou hast found perfection. In practice lines assemble! (*Guard separates in two columns, file front and march down stage R.*) Hold, now front! (*They face each other—columns—ready for practice.* ZEBU *passes up stage between lines.*) Rebuke comes oft on Zebu's head. Seantum frowns thy blunders. A body guard must first be trim, well trained for showy service. It matters not if ye can fight—mere make believe is ample. (*Passes down stage between lines.*) Draw now thy steel for practice thrust. (*All guard draw swords.*) Thou'll thrust and parry; slash and guard; as if in rightful combat.

(*Music; ZEBU passes between lines up to steps, gives command for*

#### CUTLASS DRILL.

*Guard in concert execute; drill these well, make it a feature. All ancient tactics, attack and defense—here exhibited in sham fight—military, exact precision, and spiritedly.)*

(SEANTUM *enters haste and rage, near finish of drill; stands under arch C. watching.*)

SEANTUM (*full armor; as ZEBU sees him.*) A practice combat, Zebu, is it not? A needed thing; but thy time and place ill chosen—a mansion for a campus? Assemble right. We are here to carve a priest.

(*ZEBU by commands assembles guard L., with guard salutes SEANTUM. (BASTOL laughing off R.)*)

SEANTUM. I hear his armor bearer; the master is not far.

BASTOL (*backing on stage, L. 1 E., laughing; scissors on shoulder*). Ha, ha, ha, ha, O blessed fate that tied thy tongue, to wag with hesitating cadence. Ha, ha, ha,

she stamps her foot with emphasis; and shakes her curls in fury, ha. ha, ha. (*Backs against SEANTUM.*)

SEANTUM (*turns him fiercely about by scissors*). Where is thy master fool?

BASTOL (*surprised at seeing SEANTUM; brings scissors down in rest*). Few men presume that title sir, and but a tithe of those who do are well entitled to the honor.

SEANTUM. Vain wit, to waste on me.

BASTOL. I see, thou canst appreciate it quite; for by my weapon bold, I've cast my pearls before a swine.

SEANTUM. Have a care what thou sayest; or *by mine honor*, thou shalt repent it sorely.

BASTOL. Thine "honor," sayst? Then safe am I. From *honor thou art free*.

SEANTUM (*fiercely*). Thou fool wilt thou persist? Show me thy master. (*Nervously with business—showing he does not listen to BASTOL.*)

(*During BASTOL'S speech ZEBU stands mouth ajar.*)

BASTOL. My master? Ah, there was a master once, but not now. A fool cannot be master to a fool. He that was my master hath hung his mastership upon the rose thorn, like a greasy cap; and chaseth the butterfly of passion. And when his foolish chase hath succeeded, he will find in his fool's net—but the ugly bug of humiliation. Not so with my Manitah—her love for me is reasoned well. Not by her honor, nor the gods; but on my wit she hangs her love.

SEANTUM. (*In rage.*) Stop that blatant tongue and send thy master here; or *by my sword*, I'll dispatch thee as well.

BASTOL. (*Aside like.*) "*By my sword.*" He hath that thing. Seantum, too can use it well. 'Tis time I should depart. (*To SEANTUM with low bow.*) Most gracious sir, pray calm thyself; I'll send—her—here—at once—(*Bows back jointedly.*)

SEANTUM. (*Unable to control his rage longer—to guard.*) Decapitate yon rogue.

BASTOL. (*Scissors in place; ready for action.*) Which one? Which one? (*Works scissors invitingly.*)

SEANTUM. Pike his hollow head. If I am but to send an ass, I'll go myself. (*Guard advance slightly indecisively.*)

BASTOL. (*Very quickly.*) Some look an ass; some act as one. Thou'd better go mayhap for 'twixt these twain thou'd personate it quite.

SEANTUM. (*In fearful rage.*) Come Zebu, try thy steel. (*Zebu advances, sword in hand; Bastol clutches scissors on his neck; Zebu thrusts; Bastol sidesteps—work up toward L. U. E. Scissors on neck—Guards follow thrusting at Bastol; Bastol avoids them by jumping sideways—Bastol and Guard work out L. U. E.*)

SEANTUM. (*On couch.*) My plans were well conceived and better worked. Zoan succeeded; the mission failed,

but what the price to me? (Zoan enters L. U. E. *Pain on seeing Seantum instead of Corianton.*)

ZOAN. Seantum!

SEANTUM. Not gold or wares, or earthly stores; he robbed my heart of its idol crowned; he stole from me mine Isabel.

ZOAN. (Down to him—all smiles.) Thine Isabel, is here. (Arms about his neck.)

SEANTUM. (Throwing her off.) Away, away thou art another's now. (Rises, surveys her—firmly.) Isabel prepare to die.

ZOAN. To die?

SEANTUM. Ay, die I said. The deed is writ. Prepare.

ZOAN. (Brings all her cunning into play to save her life.) Nay, nay, my dear Seantum, thou art jesting. For years I'll make thee happy yet.

SEANTUM. Happy? Happy me? And with a handsome Nephite in thy heart enthroned? Thou dost not know Seantum well.

ZOAN. Why, Seantum, thou art foolish. Canst see, 'tis but to carry out the plan; complete the work assigned to me and make his ruin certain? Methinks thou dost not know thine Isabel. (Roughly twists him.)

SEANTUM. Complete the work? 'Twas done at Antionum. The Prophets left their converts too, our church established and our coffers filling fast. The Nephite would have gone with them; but thou forbade him by thy love and bring him here in ecstasy to adorn my gifted palace.

ZOAN. (Taps his lips with small finger.) Methought thou wert wiser than thou art, my dear beloved prince. Deniest thou thine Isabel the boon to toy with strangers, not her blood? To learn their faults that she might love Seantum more? I'll bid him hence this day and would have done before had opportunity afforded.

SEANTUM. Thou dost not love him then?

ZOAN. I could never think of such a thing. Seantum dear, thou art mine only love, thou knowst well. (Arms about his neck.)

SEANTUM. Thou dost love me as before and not this Nephite then?

ZOAN. Love thee as before and have but tried thy love; to see if jealousy 'tis fast. (Hangs on his neck.)

SEANTUM. (Kisses her.) My own dear Isabel. Forgive me my resolve, my head is bowed in shame.

ZOAN. (Anxious'y, yet cleverly.) Thou'l not slay the Nephite?

SEANTUM. That is my resolve—

ZOAN. Nay Seantum, send him forth unto his people.

SEANTUM. I'll send him forth; upon a bier unto his people—a sacrifice to High Priest Alma.

ZOAN. For my sake, spare him!

SEANTUM. For thy sake I shall slay him. I leave thee

now to find my rival priest. (*Starts L.—about to enter CORIANTON'S chamber.*)

ZOAN (*rushes up—stays him—all smiles.*) Nay, Seantum, this way to his chamber. This way the garden too—I think thou'll find him there.

SEANTUM (*looks upon her suspiciously, yields.*) I must collect my scattered guard.

ZOAN (*keeps up the deception until he is far off—relax.*) Thou foolish, foolish, man; he believed mine every word. (*Up L. U., calls.*) Manitah! Manitah! (*Enters MANITAH.*) Go to Corianton, at the House of the Leopard. Bid him here at once. Haste, thee, maid. (*Pushes her off.*) Zoan must see him straightway; go! (*Exit MANITAH.*) (*Comes down—with a sigh.*) Ah me, ah me; bid Corianton hence? The only one that ever stirred my love from its unnatural slumber. I am placed at the dividing of the waters—Corianton, handsome Nephite, unadorned by wealth, misfortune's frown upon him. But half his heart is mine I trow—for e'en last night when I recalled his troubled mind from dreamland; and asked his thought, he answered while the spell was on—“Of Relia, Home and Zarahemla.” Seantum, rich, according to our measure; yet, 'tis not to be denied my heart, if such there be at all, to Corianton given. With him I can repent, and live a purer, better life; yet uncertain of his love, and then Seantum's certain steel. (*Shudders.*) For assuredly he did so resolve, and will follow till avenged. (*Pause—thoughtful.*) In such a balance you are placed—(*Pause.*) Corianton, thou must go and go alone. (*Reclines on couch.*)

SHIBLON (*enter c., all anxiety—picture—looks to his surroundings; sees ZOAN; down to her, suppressed anxiety.*) Give me back my brother!

ZOAN (*surprised.*) Thy brother!

SHIBLON. My brother, Corianton—(*Pleadingly.*) Give him back to me.

ZOAN. Thou art Shiblon then?

SHIBLON. His brother. Wilt thou give him back?

ZOAN. Thou wert into prison cast—

SHIBLON. I was before the magistrate; no charge was made; the Judge could find no guile.

ZOAN. Thy brother said it too; that thou wert free from guile—

SHIBLON. His words were kind, however, far from truth. 'Tis love like his for me, hath led me here to find him.

ZOAN. It was a dearer love than thine that led him here to Siron.

SHIBLON. Love? Fie, Isabel. Thy love tho' 'twere a fact could never make him happy—

ZOAN. How sayst thou?

SHIBLON. His heart is young, susceptible, by reason,

yet unbridled. It was thy beauty, grace and cunning which won him from his duty.

ZOAN. I love him—how I love him—he may never know. His heart ne'er now listens to mine anxious heart's loud call.

SHIBLON. If thou dost love him so; send him forth with loud taunts. That were to test thy love—

ZOAN. (*Quickly.*) Shiblon, if I lead thee to thy brother; wilt thou take me with him too?

SHIBLON. Thou—?

ZOAN. Yes, take me forth; reclaim another soul. Seantum now is here, to slay thy brother, Shiblon.

SHIBLON. (*Surprised.*) How? Seantum here? He swore an awful oath in Antionum; vowed to slay thee too. (*Eagerly.*) Lead me straightway to my brother, that I may take him speedily away.

ZOAN. That I shall— (*They start up toward L. U. E.* Zoan stops him, faces him squarely. *Quietly.*) If thou wilt take me with him.

SHIBLON. Take thee? It would seal his doom and thine. The multitude would stone him and thee as well, I fear. Thou mayst add him to thy list, but I reclaim my brother—

ZOAN. (*Echoes quickly.*) “Add him to thy list.” Thy speech is plain and stinging.

SHIBLON. We polish not our speech for such as thou.

ZOAN. Canst thou not see, thou dost but hurt thy brother's cause?

SHIBLON (*pathos.*) A dagger thro' his trusting heart could not injure him as thou hast.

ZOAN (*angered.*) Beshrew thy bold accusing tongue—

SHIBLON. Thy pretended modesty and dignity, ill become thy domicile. (*Boldly.*) I speak not to Zoan, but Isabel.

ZOAN (*up to him; subdued intensity.*) Then speak thou with a guarded tongue. *Thy* safety may demand it.

SHIBLON. My safety, fie! I have made my peace with God. (*Anxiously and boldly.*) Now tell me where my brother is; or I shall search thy mansion. (*Begins search.*)

ZOAN. Begin thy search, bold Nephite; thy first find may be a sword. Thou hast defied me in my palace; I bid thee fly for safety.

SHIBLON. When Shiblon goes, 'twill be beside his brother, (*Starts up stage.*) I shall find him. I shall search thine every chamber. (*Happy in the thought.*) I shall find and save my brother. (*Rushes off (R. U. E.)*)

ZOAN (*watches him off; comes down.*) None believe that Isabel can love. (*Anguish of soul.*) O, repentance, where is thy reward? (*Sinks on couch. Meditatively; in undertone.*) Seantum here to slay him. (*Nervously in thought.*) I'll save my Corianton. I'll send him forth. I'll buy his life at cost of my repentance. ‘Send him

forth with loud taunts," said Shiblon. Zoan shall do it too.

BASTOL. (*Enter L. U. E. dragging scissors, intently interested in studying a tuft of hair he carries, leaving audience to conjecture whether it be Zebu's scalp or no—speaks without looking up.*) Neither can I find. Mayhap they're yet in slumberland. (*Sees Zoan where he left Seantum, astonished.*) Zoan here? Seantum then is tricked this time. Zoan doth carry his head as yet unsevered, in the hollow of her cheek. (*Looks back, sees Corianton coming, bows.*) I bow to thee, and hie me hence. (*Comic exit R. U.*)

CURIANTON. (*Enters down c.—melancholy.*) Zoan.

ZOAN. (*Aside.*) I cannot send him forth hating me. I'll hold him just a little longer.

CURIANTON. (*Down beside her L.—melancholy.*) How fares it with Zoan, this morn?

ZOAN. When thou art near, all seemeth well.

CURIANTON. Thou didst send for me, Zoan? (*Takes her head—about to kiss her; refrains, aside as walks R. shaking head.*) I cannot. I cannot. Sooth, a self-inspired pride bids me not defile my person. (*Surveys luxuries of palace—negatively. Sits on divan R.*)

ZOAN. (*Following him*) My Corianton thou art not thy former self. Thy mind is troubled oft. Thou dost not love me well. Why dost thou turn away and murmur—"I cannot. I cannot?" (*Beside him R.*) Come, be thy bright and happy self thou wast when first I saw thee.

CURIANTON. (*Full of melancholy.*) When thou first saw my wretched self I was another man. I was the son of righteous Alma—was the pride of Zarahemla. Fair Nephite maidens paid me court, my brother Shiblon loved me—

ZOAN. (*Whispers.*) Shiblon. Where is—?

CURIANTON. (*Not observing her.*) My father took me forth with him to sound the Gospel Trump. A fortnight passed triumphantly—success quite turned my head; and I despite my father's frown, obeyed my self-sufficient will; I went to dwell with one Seantum. He feigned to relish all I said, himself converted to the faith; and all that time he— (*Rises and x. L.*) Oh well; 'tis past and here I am—

ZOAN. (*Following him L.*) I try to win thy love, to read thy wishes in thy face.

CURIANTON. (*Abstractedly.*) Father, brother, friends all gone; my reputation spotted; my name derisively pronounced by every urchin in the land.

ZOAN. Thy character is yet unsullied; what then is reputation?

CURIANTON. What then is reputation? It is the very essence of one's life.

ZOAN. Pshaw! Why fear the coarse opinion of the

mob? To-day 'tis censure; but do some brave, heroic deed and they worship at thy shrine to-morrow.

CORIANTON. But Shiblon; hast tidings of my brother yet?

ZOAN. Shiblon! My—my messenger—I sent—hath not returned.

CORIANTON. Then I shall go myself and free him. (*Starts.*)

ZOAN. (*Holding him.*) Oh no! no!

CORIANTON. My brother must be free this day!

ZOAN. Yes, yes, this day; I'll intercede.

CORIANTON. Intercession hath been vain. I shall set my brother free. Give me a sword; I go to Antionum!

ZOAN (*holding him.*). Thou shalt not go, my Corianton; it would be thy death!

CORIANTON. And what is life to Corianton now? Give me a sword; or I go unarmed! (*Sees sword on wall R., starts for it, about to draw it from coat-of-arms.*)

ZOAN. Corianton, hold—thy brother Shiblon—is free.

CORIANTON. Shiblon free! Thank God! Hath he gone to Zarahemla?

ZOAN. Not to Zarahemla—he is here.

CORIANTON. Here?—

ZOAN. To seek his brother, Corianton.

CORIANTON. Pray heaven he may not find him. I would rather die than face my brother here. Come, let us fly; let us go to a place where neither of us are known and there begin a newer better life, where I may train thy soul unfettered.

ZOAN. Wilt thou swear eternal love?

CORIANTON. I can swear but to be kind. When I came with thee to Siron I thought I could be tempered by necessity; but these luxuries constantly remind me of thy former life.

ZOAN. And thou wouldst twit me thus again?

CORIANTON. When I approach to love *Zoan*, I find Seantum's kisses first; I falter and withdraw from *Isabel*—in this her siren lair. Come, Zoan, let us go to a land unknown, let us leave the past in Siron; and I shall try to love thee.

ZOAN (*anger*). And thou wouldst fling my wonted repentance in my face. I am fast becoming myself again; (*fearful SEANTUM will come*) and see we are not mated to each other. Thou hadst better return to thy people with thy brother Shiblon, fall down at their feet and seek their forgiveness.

CORIANTON. And be a living shame on High Priest Alma's name? That door is bolted—far better fall upon my sword. Come, Zoan, thou promised to forsake all this for me.

ZOAN. And art thou so simple as to believe a woman's words? I was blinded by mine infatuation and half

repentance. In thy love I was Zoan; but thy repeated sting hath made me Isabel again,

CORIANTON. 'Tis but the end I should have seen. (*Observing her intently*) And thou—! And I—! spurned; cast off; deceived again; despised for my weakness. O, dupe! O, fool!

ZOAN. (*Tenderly—haste.*) Nay Corianton, not despised; but I take it unkindly thou should thus oft twit me of the past. Thinkst thou for one moment, I could forsake wealth, luxury, and all; and follow thee, uncertain of thy love? Thou must believe me as foolish as thyself.

CORIANTON. Twice deceived, and by this woman. Twice damned in shame for a thing scarce worth my pity.

ZOAN. (*Echoes under breath, quickly.*) "For a thing scarce worth my pity."

CORIANTON. (*Turns toward her.*) Ay, for a thing scarce worth my pity! And this is the return for my great sacrifice!

ZOAN. Nephite, our friend Korihor went to thy chief city where, thro' sorcery, he was stricken dumb and fled from thy land accursed. That, thy people said, was a "judgment of God," a "manifestation of His power." Now live. Return to thy people, the scorn and shame of the times. Let them know that thy fall is a manifestation of the power of Zoan Ze Isabel. Let it be Corianton for Korihor, Isabel against G—ha, ha, ha. (*SEANTUM comes.*) This is my love, my prince, my king of men! Now go.

CORIANTON. (*Sees SEANTUM—satisfaction.*) Ah! A sword! Give me a sword! (*Rushes to wall after one.*) (*SEANTUM signals his body guard; when CORIANTON turns he faces guard.*) What, ho! a body guard doth dare dispute my right? Aside, I say, no score and ten of servant guards can stay me in my justice. (*Falls upon them, scatters guards, fights his way through to Seantum—combat—guard rallies and charges Corianton. He guards Seantum's blow for the head, siezes Seantum's throat, disarms him, swings him before guard as a shield.*)

SEANTUM. (*About to be run through by his own guard.*) Ah! put up your swords!

SHIBLON. (*Outside entering.*) Corianton! Corianton! Brother! (*Corianton flings Seantum off.*)

SEANTUM. Ah, his brother. (*Siezes sword; meets Shibleon; runs him through; flings him down stage.*) Go to thy brother! (*Seantum flees; Corianton flings sword after Seantum, cry of pain off.*)

CORIANTON (*laying him down; anxious scene*). Shibleon; brother, lift up thy head. (*Raises his head.*) My God, don't stare so!

SHIBLON. Lay me down, brother; I am dying!

CORIANTON. Ah no, no, no, don't say that! Don't

say it, Shiblon! (*Lays him down and anxiously feels head, heart and pulse.* My God, he is dying!

SHIBLON. Come to me! Come—close—by—my—side! Go back to father—back to her—Relia—home—Zarahemla! (*Sinks back and dies in CORIANTON's arms.*)

CORIANTON. Yes, yes, brother, I'll go back! I'll go! Shiblon speak! Speak to me again! Say you forgive me brother! (*Note.—This climax—“CORIANTON's Ravings” may be condensed or otherwise fitted to the artist.*)

(*Horror when discovers SHIBLON is dead.*) Heaven curse me, he is dead. Yet that smile doth say “Forgiven!” (*Tenderly lays him down, gazes on him.*) No need of praying to heaven for thee; thou art exalted for thy purity. (*Gazes lovingly upon him. Takes off mantle and covers him over tenderly.*) And all for me. He died for me. Could I have died for him instead. (*Reflectively.*) What will father Alma say? And mother—she is frowning down from heaven on this sight. (*Agony of soul.*) O, my heart will break! My head will burst! (*Sees ZOAN.*) And thou; ah, yes, I remember all, now, the wine, the song, the dance, the howling mob. Ah—. I must not think of that or I shall go mad—mad! (*Mad laugh.*) (*Tenderly pulls back mantle from SHIBLON's face—gazes intently.*) Shiblon, brother! He died for me! He died for me! (*Down over him; in arms affectionately. Revive, etc.* *Tenderly lays him down again, covers him over again. Far away expression.*) Alone! All alone! Now all alone, am I—all alone! (*Starts up with mad, gurgling laugh—“CORIANTON's Raving.*) Hush-h-h-h. I thought I heard someone laugh. (*Mad laugh again.*) Hush-h-h-h. O how they laugh; how they sneer; how they taunt me. Amuloki, Jasper and the rest. See them! See them there like a nest of adders darting their forked tongues! (*Sees AMULOKI and JASPER in fancy—front—mad laugh.*) But Shiblon, where's Shiblon? (*Down to him—pulls back mantle—sing lullaby here.*) He is sleeping! Shiblon is sleeping! (*Covers him over. Abstractedly.*) “Go back to father—back to her—Relia—home—Zarahemla! (*Points up c.*) Canst see? They bid me welcome. That's she, that's Relia; those snowy robes, that pure angelic sweetness—that is Relia. You see that being there with whitened locks and priestly robes—'tis father, aged father. (*Stretches up hands to an imaginary being.*) Behold him too; he beckons me to come. (*Going up.*) Yes, father; yes, I come—I come—thy wayward son, thy prodigal returns to thee. (*Half way up steps turns toward audience—far away look in face*) Relia—Home—Zarahemla!

PICTURE.—CURTAIN.

(SECOND PICTURE OVER SHIBLON.)

## ACT IV.

SCENE—BACK IN ZARAHEMLA. HOME OF HIGH PRIEST ALMA. HOUSETOP SETTING.

*High Priest Alma gives a departing feast to the Zoramite Converts who are to depart with Hagoth's Northern Emigration.*

Assembled at Rise—High Priest Alma L., mixed assembly (full stage) singing “Sailing with Hagoth.” A catchy melody—heard intermittently as “Invisible Ditty” thro’ forepart of act—sung at the feast downstairs.

ALMA. Joy is mine to see you all so happy. Ye are the fruits of our mission to the Zoramites.

OMNES. A timely mission. Bless the mission.

ALMA. Ye have chosen to join Hagoth’s Emigration to that bright northern land. It is well. Hagoth is a curious man and just. He buildeth ships that ye might sail. ’Tis said this land ye seek is fruitful; may plenty be your store.

AMULOKI. (Coming down.) Praise to High Priest Alma, Hagoth sends thee greeting. His ship is by the Western Sea, and will depart within the hour.

ALMA. It is well. The feast is spread below; my children in honor of your departure—I have two sons—God knoweth where—would they were feasting with us. (Sinks and weeps.)

MIRIAM. Poor father Alma! He weepeth for his sons he hath not seen for many days. (To Zennock.) Hast thou no tidings yet?

ZENNOCK. None. Shiblon was last seen going to prison and Corianton is thought to be with Isabel. Weep not our father! Thou mayest yet have joy in both thy sons.

ALMA. (Recovering himself.) Yea, ’tis not a time for weeping now; joy should be our portion. (Up c. meets Laman as Seatnum’s spy.) Who art thou stranger?

LANAM. A sinner come to go with Hagoth northward.

ALMA. Thou art welcome then; we ask not more. (Exit c. to r. Laman comes down r. 1 and signs “Gadianton Order”—“Recognition.” Jasper calls Amuloki’s attention.) The feast is waiting; come, my children. Follow Alma and be merry as you go. (Omnes follow Alma off c. singing “Sailing with Hagoth.” Amuloki, Jasper and Laman remain down stage. Hushed scene, fearful of being overheard.)

AMULOKI. (*Crossing to LAMAN—quickly.*) Thou art Seantum's spy?

LAMAN. Not spy—Lieutenant—second in command.

JASPER. Thou art Laman certain then?

AMULOKI. Thy mission? What thy message? Haste!

LAMAN. Seantum is encamped behind yon hill—ten legion strong. (*Points to hill which is visible to entire audience.*) He strikes to-night; within the hour—if thou art ready, too.

AMULOKI. Our Gadianton Order is ready for the signal. We boast one-half the fighting force of Zarahemla.

LAMAN. 'Tis well. We count the Nephites four to one. A foe within; a foe without—the city will be ours.

AMULOKI. The signal as arranged?

LAMAN. Ay, the light in the tower on the hill. (*Points towards hill—visible.*)

AMULOKI. What the time exact?

LAMAN. When I return the advance begins. (*Calls their attention to hill.*) When the moon hath sunk to the level of the hill, thou'l see our signal on yonder summit.

JASPER. Within the hour that—

LAMAN. Then rise and strike with fury! Spare not a living man.—'Tis not a war—it is annihilation!

JASPER. No trouble at the gates?

AMULOKI. Why question thus? Our Gadianton Order holdeth every gate.

LAMAN. My time is short—farewell. (*Going up c., all quickly. As they go up c., they meet Alma—unexpected—astonished.*)

AMULOKI (*All smiles.*) How now; our good High Priest. (*All kneel.*)

ALMA. Ye have tarried; the feast is well advanced.

JASPER. The fault is ours. We join them now. (*Exit AMULOKI, JASPER and LAMAN, R.*)

ALMA (*watching them off.*) These men avert an honest glance. I like it not. Frankness and simplicity be token true repentance. (*Looking after them.*) They go not to the feast. They turn into the street—the stranger with them. (*Coming down.*) Ah well, if not sincere, 'tis well they do not sail with Hagoth.

RELIA. (*Enter L.*) Thou art alone good Alma; where thy guests?

ALMA. They are feasting at the banquet; son Heleman doth host them.

RELIA. Hath news of Corianton, news of Shiblon yet?

ALMA. All is as a book that's sealed. A grievous fault is Corianton's; his brother, Shiblon, free from fault.

RELIA. Thou hast too oft doubted Corianton's ability, his fidelity, whilst for Shiblon thou hast only words of praise.

ALMA. And had I not kindness too for Corianton? Did I not glorify God in his conversion. (*CORIANTON*

tattered raiment, enters c. and hears, anguish, etc.) But when his recollection dimmed, his conversion waxed lukewarm and stripes are on my naked back because of him.

RELIA. His stripes are legion and eternal—upon his naked memory.

ALMA. Ah, the lips of a strange woman droppeth as honeycomb—but wormwood is the certain end.

RELIA. (*Earnestly and quietly.*) Father Alma, hast thou e'er had a doubt—a doubt, thy son hath fallen?

ALMA. (*Sternly.*) A doubt! There is no place for doubt! A doubt! Where could doubt creep in? Were it Shiblon thus accused, I'd doubt the very Angel's accusation.

RELIA (*in anger*). Thou hast ever doubted Corianton and praised his brother Shiblon.

ALMA (*quietly.*) And Relia, thou wouldst plead his cause? (*In stern censure.*) Corianton hath always wrung my heart; he hath prostituted the divine talents with which he is endowed, and now he has foully besmeared the spotless name I gave him—

CORIANTON (*quietly, sinking at his father's feet.*) Father!

ALMA (*not recognizing him*). Thou seekst alms, my friend?

CORIANTON (*upturned face*). The alms I seek—is thy forgiveness. (*Looks up.*)

ALMA. What, thou!

RELIA. Ah, 'tis he! 'Tis Corianton!

ALMA. Where is thy brother, Shiblon? (*Sternly.*) Tell me, where is he?

CORIANTON (*does not wish to tell; turns away and murmurs*). Shiblon!

ALMA. Art thou stricken dumb, as was the blasphemer Korihor?

CORIANTON. Shiblon—is dead! (*Looks up.*)

ALMA AND RELIA. Dead!

ALMA. How came it so? Tell me! Tell me how it was?

CORIANTON. Shiblon came in search of me! In rage Seantum followed—he fiercely thrust my brother thru'!

ALMA. Didst thou not strike him dead?

CORIANTON. (*Quietly.*) Would that bring Shiblon back? I buried him under the cypress where we began our fateful mission. I now begin—where he left off. Mourn not for Shiblon, he hath a martyr's crown. I wept; I moaned; I died with him. For days and nights and days and nights again. I wandered in delirium staggering through the wilderness, I fell exhausted on the moss. I slept not. Yet I dreamed, I dreamed while yet awake. I saw a day, a night, and yet another day—as if it were one day. I saw a beautiful virgin, the fairest ever the sun looked down upon. How pure she was; what snowy robes! In her arms she bore a holy child—more holy e'en than children are. I saw that child—precocious youth—in faultless manhood too—a simple modeler of wood. Then

a fore-running voice I heard calling from the wilderness: "*Behold the Lamb of God!*" He sought the lame and halt, and blind; and gave them of his store—"new life;" "made whole," His only bounty. I saw Him stand before the law—deserted to a man. I saw Him stagger beneath His cross, scourged at every step. On a ragged hill I saw Him—pinioned to that cross. He wore a crown—a crown of thorns they made in mockery. They scoffed Him in derision; hailed Him "*King!*" with jeers, and through it all He plead their cause before the throne of God—"Forgive them Father, O forgive; they know not what they do!" Then, a javelin in His side, His spirit took its flight. The heavens rent, and roared, and split asunder; the ground trembled in sympathetic agony—the while He hung on pinions there. He lay in a tomb; but He rose again; and ascended into heaven. As I lay and watched His upward flight, the shade of Korihor stood by me. In solemn tones he bade me look: "Behold the Messiah, the Son of God; the Christ whom I denied. His name is love; He pardoned me; will pardon all who will"—and then he vanished. I lay in wonder on his words when a firm resolve came o'er me—to plead my father's pardon. (*Face upturned.*) Messiah's love can save an anti-Christ; why not thy son, thy Corianton, then?

ALMA. (*Lifting Corianton up.*) My son! My son! My joy is full. (*Clasps Corianton in his arms.*)

RELIA. O what a day for Alma.

ALMA. (*Weeps for joy.*) What joy is mine! How good is God

RELIA. (*To Corianton—anxiously.*) Thou art weak and hungered, come—

ALMA. The feast is on, pray change thy raiment son; 'tis now ten thousand times a feast. (*Starts L.*) I place thy robes in readiness. (*A thought—returns—takes Relia's hand.*) Rella child, thou wert in thy youth to Shiblon given, tho' some have said thy heart was never his. (*To Corianton.*) This son hath paid the measure of his fall—

CORIANTON. 'Tis false report! I did not— (*Alma astonished that he would presume to deny—Corianton concludes to bear it silently.*) Nay, who can bear me witness? (*To Alma*) I look into thine eyes and see thy painful accusation; my lips are mute; my tongue denies its office.

ALMA. I have ever found thee truthful son. Deny it all and I'll believe thee; deny it not—and I forgive thee!

CORIANTON. I will not try my father's heart—I'll bear my cross alone. My future life will bear me witness. Go my father; proclaim thy son's return.

ALMA. Relia, child, come hither. (*Joins their hands.*) Steady now this ark which I leave to thy persuasion. Pray bridle not thy heart if it incline to him. (*Exit L.*)

CORIANTON (*reflectively.*) 'Tis not a proper thing that

I should woo thee now. (*Pathos.*) The shade of Shibleon hovers hear.

RELIA. Yea, let thy mouth be sealed. I am Shibleon's yet unmarried widow—Shibleon's bride eternal—for Shibleon was as true to me as are the stars to heaven.

CORIANTON. Thy words betray thine inward accusation? I had thought that Relia's charity—

RELIA. I have no charity for sin.

CORIANTON (*takes her hand*). Relia, I shall try thy heart—I am not a fallen man!

RELIA (*drawing back in astonishment, gazing steadfastly—then up to him, quietly*). Prove it Corianton!

CORIANTON (*pained*). Thou asketh proof—?

RELIA. Prove it, Corianton—and I will be thy bride.

CORIANTON. She doubts my word. (*Crosses in agony of soul.*) My God! Relia doubts me, too! (*A thought.*) And yet why not? I even doubted God. Relia, there is but one woman on earth to bear me witness, and that woman—

RELIA (*jealously*). Is Isabel! Is Isabel! I know, is Isabel! Ah, the word blisters my lips.

CORIANTON. Then say it not. The arrow is sped. If thou hast doubted, what of others? (*Going L.*) Farewell. I too, shall go with Hagoth. (*Exit L.*)

RELIA. O, must I let my love depart? (*Following after him.*) O Corianton! come back to me again! I love thee! I believe thee! (*Pause.*) He is gone! He will sail with Hagoth and I shall never see him more. O, Corianton! Corianton! (*Weeps—rises—down to bench.*) Desire and duty struggle for supremacy. Be servile, thou, my heart, right forbids thee speak. (*Enter Bastol disguised as a Lamariite chief*) Who art thou?

BASTOL. I? Oh, I'm a fool, he, he, he.

RELIA. A fool?

BASTOL. (*Quickly.*) Fool I said, yes.

RELIA. Whom seekest thou?

BASTOL. Forsooth, I seek my master.

RELIA. Who is thy master, pray?

BASTOL. My master? Oh, he's another fool, he, he.

RELIA. A fool?

BASTOL. (*Quickly, same as above.*) Fool I said, yes. He was tricked, tracked, and trophied. Tricked by Seantum and his servant guards; tricked by the fair Zoan, and by her carried off as trophy.

RELIA. I vow if thou wert stripped of thy disguise and should assume thy wonted merriment, I'd call thee Bastol, Corianton's armor bearer.

BASTOL. (*Bowing profusely.*) And counselor, if thou'd just as well.

RELIA. Why didst thou, counselor, desert thy shrine and leave him to their buffetings?

BASTOL. Then ask I why deserted he his Bastol? Deserted too, with lack of ceremony.

RELLA. Why did thou not follow then?

BASTOL. Seantum held me bound—I had slain his fierce and ugly Zebu. (*Horror.*) His ghost methinks hath haunted me; yet lean his ghost appears, and if one is fat oneself, one's ghost should be fat as well.

RELLA. How camest thou to Zarahemla, then?

BASTOL. Zoan plead my liberty—

RELLA (*interested*). Zoan? Tell me of Zoan! Was she fair? Was she beautiful?

BASTOL (*quietly*). She'd open the eyes of the sand blind. Seantum leased me but Manitah bound me—by her love. Her dethroned lover—a coarse and ugly Lamanite—sought my head to that extent that Manitah sought my love. It was prudent I escape, so I came disguised to Zarahemla.

RELLA. Bastol, tell me of Zoan—

ALMA. (*Entering L—anxiously.*) Relia child, what means my son's hasty preparation?

RELLA. Not a night sleeps he in Zarahemla, resolved to go as well, with Hagoth's Emigration.

ALMA. To find my son and lose him thus again, come, stay him by persuasion. (*Exit with Relia L.*)

BASTOL. She feign would subdue her love for Corianton; nor can I control my heart, it jumpeth so for my Manitah. (*Sings ditty. "O Manitah."*) Enter Manitah c. Bastol stares in wonder—astonished. Slowly—quietly.) Manitah, else her ghost! I loved her well; be it not she, I think I love her ghost. (*Approaches her.*)

MANITAH. (*Receding*) Nay, touch me n—n—not. Thou art but L—L—Lamanite.

BASTOL. She knows me not. (*Curse my disguise.*) Manitah, dost thou not know me? I am Bastol, he that loves thee.

MANITAH. Thou hast cheated then the h—h—headsman?

BASTOL. My head was scarcely worth the taking said the headsman. He bade me leave without a visitation.

MANITAH. Unmake thyself a L—L—Lamanite.

BASTOL. Uncurse thou meanst, so I shall; uncurse thee too as well. As easy thing to uncurse and make delightsome thee as 'twas to curse and make a Lamanite of me. (*Taking her hand and up c.*) Come, come Manitah; let us erase the curse and assume more white delightity. (*Both exit c., in dance step.*)

(Enter CORIANTON, thoughtful, prepared to go with HAGOTH.)

CORIANTON. I dare not trust myself to say "good bye." I'll write that single word—"farewell." (*Sits R. takes up quill and papyrus, reflectively.*) Let any man make one mistake and who will fail to scout his name; but let him prosper in the land, and all will flock like brother geese to do him honor, tho' he e'en then be honored thrice.

(Thinking. Enter ZOAN heavily veiled—down to him, kneels, kisses hem of toga—sees her.

Rise now good woman. It is not seemly that thou shouldst thus debase thyself before one who hath been both wayward and unwise. Be thou seated where thou mayst tell thy tale in comfort. (Helps her to rise—she kisses his hand—flings back veil and reveals ZOAN ZE ISABEL.) What, thou?

ZOAN. Yes, I, Zoan! O, Corianton, do not look like that, nay, do not spurn me. (He looks upon her.) Ah, my love relents; thou dost not hate me then?

CORIANTON. Thou dost not read me well; I weep not for thee, but for my sin concerning thee.

ZOAN. Corianton, spurn me not, lest I become a demon and my mission cast aside.

CORIANTON. There was a time, Zoan, when I believed thee true and trusted thee beyond my conscience warning. Does recollect how thou that trust betrayed? Dost yet recall my ruin? thy deceit? But my pity, now, is thine. Thou wert as false as mirage.

ZOAN. (Haughtily—showing jealousy.) Pity, fah! 'Tis not pity that I crave. I find thee in a haughty bearing, mayhap secure in yet another love. (Sneeringly.) Some fair Nephish maiden. Into her virgin ear thou'l whisper love; upon her maiden lips press kisses, warm. Thou needst not taunt me with thy boast, lest I my mission cast aside. Bethink thee friend, I, Isabel, whose home a palace, the mighty are her friends, hath this day done for thee that which she ever scorned to do for other man—kneeled to thee as suppliant.

CORIANTON. As suppliant! O, fie! Bah, thy fair face, thy winning smile and the strongest of them are at thy feet enchantress. Thou needst not fear a dirth of suitors so long mother nature remains thy friend; but sentiment aside! thy mission state; no more of this, proceed.

ZOAN. Thou'l not believe my love e'en tho' a truth because of falsehood once. I knew it. I knew it. For as I passed hither on this traitorous mission, the trees moaned a sad requiem to all my hope, but the songsters warbled their applause; the branches beckoned me to come and bowed their blessing as I passed. (Breaks spell.) Ah!

CORIANTON. (Dreamlike.) "Trees and branches beckoned"—when I wandered half delirious—the trees seemed living beings, venomous and vile, with horrid eyes and teeth. The branches seemed slimy arms and tried to clutch me. All were trees, yet each a human being; and in the group and foremost were Amuloki, Jasper and the rest, with looks so terrible—O, awful! The ground was dark and livid, the air was thick and heavy, so it seemed that I must suffocate. Suddenly a brightness burst upon me and thou Zoan, stood by me; stood and watched and comforted. Then horror, horror, there protruded from

among the branches a huge serpent all striped and repulsive, with terrible fangs and glistening eyes. I thought it was a snake and yet it was Seantum. It was Seantum and yet it was a snake. (*Sympathetically.*) It coiled itself round thee Zoan and crushed thy spirit out. That spirit hovered near the while; (*joyfully*) then straightway went to heaven.

ZOAN. If I lay dead—O heaven pardon me—if I lay dead, and thy name were whispered in the tall green grass above my grave that whispered word would reach my heart and give it back response.

CORIANTON. (*With effort breaking spell.*) This interview must cease, Zoan. Too well I know where all will end. Around the heart thy love creeps like a snake. 'Tis certain we must part.

ZOAN. No, no, not part! 'Twould kinder be to say "must die!" Come, fly with me. Grave danger threatens Corianton!

CORIANTON. Zoan, my gravest danger now.

ZOAN. Nay, I have come to save thee.

CORIANTON. To damn me rather. Thy magic vain Zoan. (*Waving her off.*) I'm not the self sufficient youth I was—

ZOAN. O, heed me Corianton; fly with me. It is to save thy life.

CORIANTON. Ne'er heed thee more Zoan; but, I forgive thee all the past—Yes, this day, I could e'en forgive Seantum.

ZOAN. (*Fearful.*) Seantum! He is thy danger now.

CORIANTON. Zoan, when I bowed to fate and went with thee to Siron, I thought to train thy soul, and make of thee a better woman. Seantum followed for revenge; with him thy love test came. I was scouted in derision; repentance flung back in my teeth. With jeering taunts I was driven forth to die. God knows what Corianton might have done (*pathetically*)—had Shiblon there and then not died. (*Weeps.*) Alas, my brother! Well, I wandered forth; I tried to die—

ZOAN. I sent spies to search for thee—

CORIANTON. Search—but did not find me—but I forgive Zoan, forgive Seantum, too. *He* taught me to forgive—taught me not to die!

ZOAN. Thou wouldst accuse me, Corianton, of searching not to find thee?

CORIANTON. Not I, Zoan, thine acts accuse.

ZOAN. I sacrificed my heart to drive thee forth; I risked my life to save thee. And this is my reward; spurned of thy love; accused of treachery. I came to save thee; save thyself! I leave thee to thy fate—farewell! (*Starts up.*)

CORIANTON. Farewell, Zoan; forever fare the well.

ZOAN. 'Twill ever be. (*Stops at c. and sees moon at hill top level, moans.*) Ah! the hour is come. The moon is near

the level of the hill. (*Turns toward CORIANTON.*) His doom is sealed with all his people. (*Looks at moon, and then lovingly at him.*) I cannot bear to know him dead when I alone can save him. (*Down to him—tenderly.*) Corianton!

CORIANTON (*at table*). What, thou not gone? Thy plea is vain.

ZOAN. Vain tho' it be, I'll be a traitress for thee! Seantum's mighty legions attack within the hour!

CORIANTON (*rising—astonished*). How sayst?

ZOAN (*looking toward hill*). Mayhap upon the instant.

CORIANTON. Dost speak the truth?

ZOAN. The Secret Gadianton order in thy city is his ally.

CORIANTON. How?

ZOAN. When the signal on yon hill appears, they rise and strike—

CORIANTON. This night?

ZOAN. They hold thine every gate. They boast one-third thy city's strength and Amuloki is their leader.

CORIANTON. How? Amuloki? He, companion of my youth and now a Gadianton Robber?

ZOAN. The moon is near the level now. (*Horror.*) The signal is at hand! Come, come, escape! (*Extends hand.*) I know the sign to pass the gates. Come, my Corianton, come!

CORIANTON. Escape? Not so, but save my people all. (*Strikes gong.*) Amuloki's blood shall dye my steel. His gore shall irrigate our streets that patriotic freedom may take root. (*Enter servant L. U. E.*) My armor, quick, make fast. (*Servant takes up armor hanging near; helps Corianton on with it.*)

RELIA. (*Enter L. U. E., called by gong.*) Corianton, wilt thou go without, farewell.

CORIANTON. (*Excitedly.*) Nay Relia, I shall stay.

ZOAN. (*Echoes.*) "Relia." This then is she.

CORIANTON. Our city is in peril; I shall not leave it so. I must call the guard in haste. *Zarahemla, O, my city, thy prodigal shall save thee!* (*Rushes off c.*)

ZOAN. Thy God, whose grace thou toldest me of, be with thee to the end.

(*Trumpet calls heard without; gongs sound, general alarm; commotion without.*)

OMNES. (*Outside.*) To arms. To Arms. (*Various voices heard without.*)

AMULOKI. (*Outside—distant.*) Back men, it is a false alarm. The sign upon the hill is not yet seen.

RELIA. Why this alarm? Why this call to arms?

ZOAN. Thy city's peril. (*Up c., points*) He will save it. The guards respond upon the instant. The streets e'en now are filling fast with armed men.

RELIA. What means it all? Who art thou?

ZOAN. Nephite maiden, hear me.

RELLA. Wilt hear, of course; proceed.

ZOAN (*motions her to sit; commotion growing fainter all the while*). Sit thee down and listen. This youth who left us now! I have known before this day. To but know him is to love him; to which—crime—I confess.

RELLA. I know thee not. Thy name disclose. I can't deny mine interest. (*Sits L.*)

ZOAN (*signals RELIA to sit*). I met Corianton in mine own land whither he had come as a missionary. He was so young and innocent; so handsome and gallant; so unlike any one I had ever known; that I was at once attracted toward him. I beheld that he was full of romance. I vowed to win his hand, if not his heart. He was not indifferent, tho' I beheld a prior claim upon his heart, than mine. He let me love him, tho'. 'Twas at that time I quaffed the first, a draught of happiness. I was just a bit afraid my heart would break; it seemed too full for but one heart. Seantum came in rage and I knew the end was near. To have died with Corianton would have glorified mine own repentance; but on that morn he piqued me; and my haughty nature would ill brook this from him, the only man I ever loved. 'Twas then, to save his life, I turned him forth. (*Sighs.*) When Corianton left, the sun went down on all my dreams of future joy. A gnawing at a something here (*hand on heart*)—at that time called a heart, hath prompted me too seek him here, but—thou art his equal. Thou hast a royal dowry of purity, of truth, of innocence. No trace of sin is visible on that open countenance. I know—I know—for was I not as pure and fair as thou. (*Remorse, then rouses.*) But Isabel, take courage.

RELLA. Isabel? *Thou art Isabel?*

ZOAN. Isabel of Siron.

RELLA. Tell me of my Corianton. Is he guiltless? (*Pleads*) Say it, Isabel. O, say it—

ZOAN. What if I should answer "no!"

RELLA. Thank God.

CORIANTON (*outside, coming nearer*). Bring him in and once he makes a move of violence hew him down. (*Enter c, with AMULOKI—guards follow.*)

ZOAN. Brave Corianton, thou hast seized—

CORIANTON. Amuloki, leader of their Order. (*Gives AMULOKI a turn and points guards to bind him—they do so.*)

AMULOKI. Thou Isabel. Thou art the traitress then. I see now why thy ready ear was ever present at the council. I warned Seantum, but in vain. (*Sarcastically.*) No he "could trust his Isabel!"

ZOAN. If I'm traitress, what art thou?

AMULOKI. Bah! (*To Corianton.*) Thy soldier citizens respond upon the instant; one-half their ranks are of the Gadianton Order, and but wait the word of my command, to man their weapons 'gainst thy cause.

CORIANTON. (*Quietly—noticeably weak from effects of*

hunger.) But thy command shall wait a spell. I have been slow in finding thee a rogue. I shall be slow to stay the ax. (To Guard.) Place him in the strongest chains. Gag his speech as well. (Guards take him r. 1 e.)

AMULOKI. Isabel, thou art a fool, to lose a kingdom for a love—a love which ne'er will be returned.

CORIANTON. Take him out and bind him. Away with him in haste. (Guard take Amuloki out r. 1 e. Enter Relia—he extends hand.)

ZOAN. How comest thou so suddenly upon him?

CORIANTON. When the watchman sounded the alarm, the first was Amuloki out. He shouted: "Back, men, it is a false alarm; the sign upon the hill is not yet seen." I seized him on the instant and dragged him hither e'er his wits could tell him what all meant.

ZOAN. Thou hast done well, but Corianton, haste a portion of thy troops to the narrow neck, for Seantum—

SEANTUM. (Rushes in c. full armor, down L.) *Is here!* (Zoan draws back in horror toward Corianton r. c.) Thou traitress, thou shalt die. (Seantum draws sword and rushes at her, runs her through. Zoan screams and is caught by Relia, lays her on divan—Corianton instantly strikes Seantum's sword from his hand—stands with foot on it.)

CORIANTON. Coward! knave! to stab a woman so! Thou did'st slay my brother Shiblon! I have longed for such a time as this—to meet thee man to man! (Off and points him to weapon.) Take up thy weapon, Zoramite, and cross thy steel with me! (A mighty combat, between Seantum and Corianton—with varied fortune—equal chance save for Corianton's famished weakened condition. Both full armor; Corianton's weakness apparent; guards rush in to his aid.)

CORIANTON. (Pushing them back.) Back men! This fight is only mine.

RELIA. Thou art weak!

CORIANTON. But God is strong.

(In staying Guards he turns back on Seantum, who rushes at him hoping to get him at a disadvantage; Corianton—noticeably weak—falls, as he turns to face Seantum, but raises sword to stay blow for head; combat with Corianton down; as Seantum showers blows upon him.)

SEANTUM—Ah, the Signal! (The Sign upon the Hill appears. Seantum staggers back in awe; Corianton seizes the opportunity and rises to equal combat, musters all of his remaining strength for one last effort; disarms Seantum r. 1.)

CORIANTON. (Seizes Seantum by throat; about to strike him down.) Shiblon, thou art avenged!

RELIA. (Staying him.) Corianton! Thou shalt not kill!

CORIANTON. (Pause—yields; flings Seantum up stage.) Bind him! Take him hence. (Guards seize Seantum.)

SEANTUM. Thou fool, Zoan; thou might'st have been Queen of Zarahemla.

CORIANTON. Away with him. (*Sees sign on hill—rousing himself—to Guard.*) Go tell Moroni to seize all the gates that not one Robber shall escape. (*Rushes Guard up c.*) Go, go, go-o-o-o! (*Seantum marched off.*)

ALMA. But what this blood? Who this woman, pray? And what this crime committed on my house?

CORIANTON. The crime is murder, father! She the savior of our city.

ALMA. Our Savior, how?

CORIANTON. Thine evil genius, father, and thy benefactress, too; the same that humbled thee thy son and gave him back to thee converted.

ALMA. Thou then art—

CORIANTON Isabel, my father, Isabel of Siron! (*All but RELIA and CORIANTON draw back from her. ALMA intuitively marches RELIA down L. 1—ZOAN is deserted; coming to her—tenderly.*) 'Tis but a line of glory writ; her sins atoned; her life a ransom for them.

ZOAN. Noble Corianton! (*To RELIA.*) Nephite maiden, hither. (*Bus. ALMA—RELIA comes.*) Receive this prince, this king of both our hearts—thy love will crown him, mine did not. (*Join their hands.*) Now, Corianton—say "forgiven."

CORIANTON. From my heart thou art forgiven.

(*Invisible quartet sings "Forgiven."*)

ZOAN. Thy noble self could say naught else. I feel a something singing in my heart—a melody which chimes "forgiven." And to this anthem chants a harmony as if by angels sung. "Another soul is saved by grace." "Repented and is saved this day."

CORIANTON. Zoan, thou art about to meet thy Maker. Before my father; before thy God!—declare thy verdict on me!

ZOAN. High Priest Alma—Nephite maiden—Corianton is unblemished. (*Dies.*)

ALMA AND RELIA. Innocent!

ALMA (*taking both his hands.*) My son! My son! Thou hast bourne thy burthen nobly! (*Embraces Corianton.*) Forgive me, son. I never knew how great thy heart!

CORIANTON. Forgive thee, father; all forgiven—She forgiven too! (*Signifies Zoan by Maker.*)

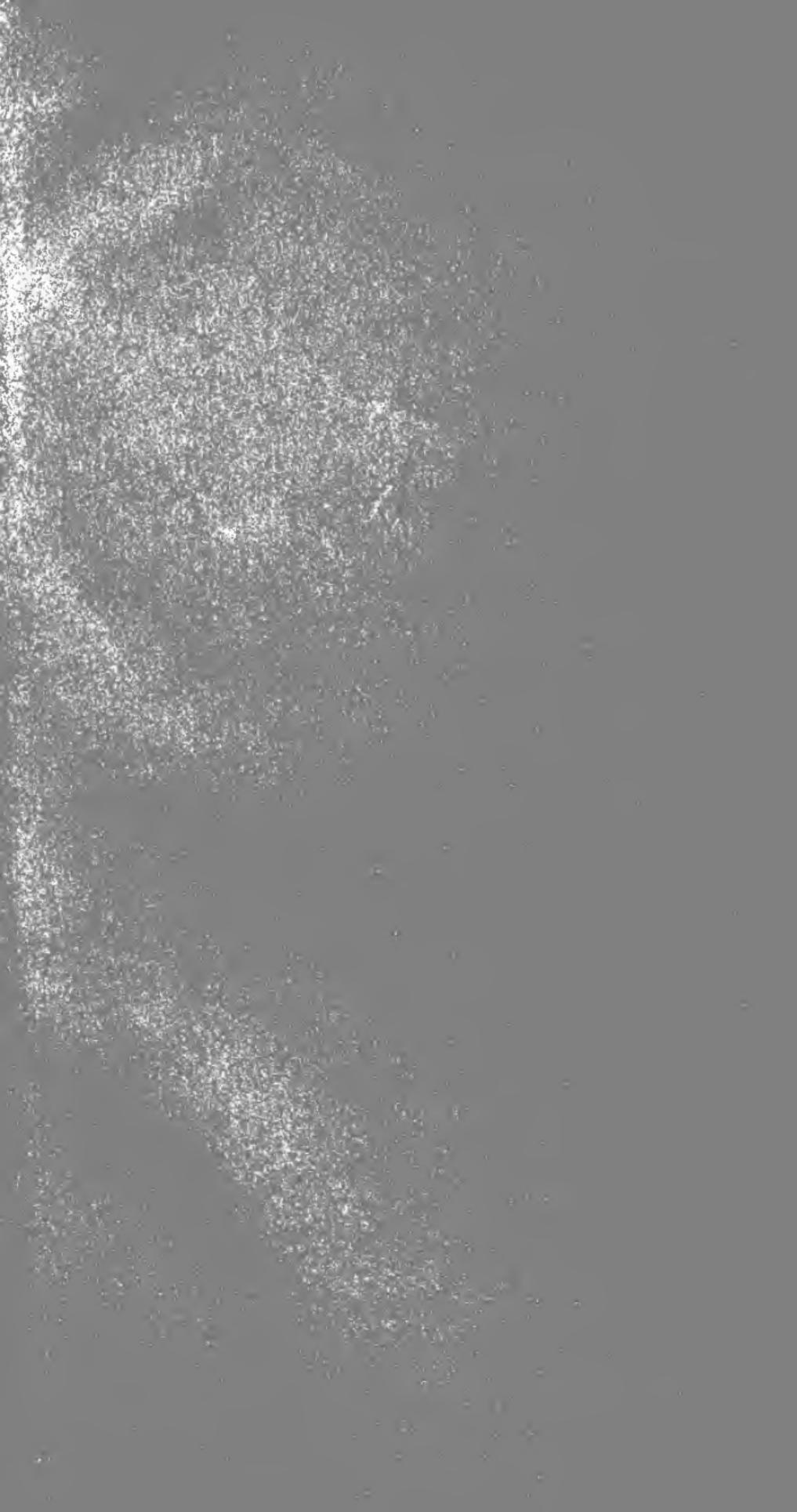
(*Zoan on couch c., Corianton and Relia joined hand in hand immediately rear; father Alma blessing, the denouement rear of them.*)

### PICTURE—CURTAIN.

#### (SECOND PICTURE:)

(*Spectacular sailing of Hagoth—Axtec ship on River Sidon.—Invisible Chorus: "Sailing with Hagoth."*)

THE END.





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